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Using comprehensive documentary material the author reveals ideological and political nature and antipopular activities of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, Russian emigrés and clerical figures on the eve and during World War II. The book unmasks the intrigues of Western secret services which employ the nationalists who come out as a striking force in ideological subversive activities and provocations against the USSR, resort to political terrorism against representatives of national liberation movement, peace champions and fighters for democracy.

Translated from Ukrainian by *George Sklyar*

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# Foreword

In this booklet the reader is offered materials written in different years, embracing an extensive period from before WWII till the present day. Characters mentioned here traveled different roads in life, and yet they have one thing in common. They all turned traitor to their own people and branded themselves by shamelessly collaborating with the German Nazis, committing heinous crimes, murdering perfectly innocent people.

The reader is shown an entire disgusting "gallery" of such types, shed of all disguise — Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, zealous henchmen of the Nazis, among them former policemen and Gestapo agents, terrorists and reactionary clericals. Many of these have suffered well-deserved punishment, while others managed to evade it. After finding refuge in a number of Western countries, they have since tried to make their own contribution to poisoning the world political atmosphere, launching frenzied campaings against peace and detente, against strengthening of trust and understanding among countries and peoples.

Quite a few of these outcasts are on the payrolls of imperialist special agencies, in whose activities political and armed provocations, ideological and economic subver-

sive actions occupy an increasingly important place. The author of the book relies on extensive documentary material in demonstrating the involvement in subversive anti-Soviet endeavors of the leaders and other functionaries of Ukrainian nationalist communities and groups in the West, also those "champions of Russian solidarity" from the so-called Natsionalnyi Trudovoj Soyuz (National Labor Union). Dollar doles, pathological anticommunism, hatred toward the Soviet people — such are the mainsprings of all these Judas workings.

No events or characters mentioned in this booklet are fictitious, as the whole work is based on hard facts that graphically reflect the sinister past and ignominious present activities of former lackeys of the Nazis. Many of these and other facts are well known to the authorities of those countries where the war criminals fled after the final defeat of the "millenial" Third Reich and the International War Crimes Judgement at Nuremberg. The Soviet Union and other countries repeatedly submitted irrefutable evidence of the atrocities perpetrated by all those who surfaced after WWII as citizens of the United States, Canada and West Germany. Over the past decades, however, only a handful of such characters have been deported to face justice in countries where they left their blood-covered tracks. Others continue to live unscathed, spending fortunes they built through killing and robbing their victims. Quite a few of them are now thriving businessmen, even respectable clergymen...

This booklet is yet another stroke of the brush in painting a realistic portrait of all those Nazi-minded turncoats, and people backing them, helping them evade well-deserved retribution, counter to the will of nations and the lessons history has taught us all, particularly the one we learned during the Nuremberg Trials forty years back.

## Blood on the Cross

Petro Hrushetsky could certainly make a good actor. It was especially obvious every time he walked up to and began to speak from the pulpit of one of the cathedrals in the Australian town of Adelaide, sending shivers of pious enchantment through his flock. The Rev. Petro would echo His Commandment, *Thou shalt not kill!*, with as much zeal as when he had once killed, burned and hanged.

After all, the man wished he could wear a Nazi army jacket with the zigzag "lightnings" on the lapels until his dying day, and hold a loaded and cocked pistol, rather than a crucifix, in his hands. Time passed, however. Now the old criminal wearing the golden-embroidered chasuble of an archpriest feared more than anything else that someone in his country of residence, the one that had given him refuge after WWII, might learn the truth about his past. The trouble was, there were people with raw wounds in their hearts, inflicted by Nazism, even on that remote continent. And Petro Hrushetsky had every reason to dread such exposure...

His career began in the 1920s. He didn't follow in the footsteps of his brothers who were teachers. Since childhood Petro hated the very notion of study or work. Eventually, he decided to enlist in the Polish Army, but there, too, the young fellow felt disappointed. Lazy and slow-witted, he found the service dull and difficult. All the while he wanted somehow to distinguish himself from the rest, to get to the top, no matter what.

Before long, Hrushetsky willingly changed his smart military uniform for the cop's one. Nor was he bothered by that metamorphosis in his life that others could call a step backward. The time was such that service in punitive bodies ensured the quickest way up.

Indeed, the muddy wave of anticommunism and repressive steps against the poorest strata of the population that engulfed Poland under Pilsudski's dictatorship brought the newly-made detective higher and higher. Easily, he jumped from one to the next hierarchical rung. Petro Hrushetsky deserved every citation he got from the command. He showed remarkable diligence in every provocative mission, arrest and interrogation. He delighted in smashing furniture and cutting open feather beds in Jewish homes. He received the biggest dividends from providing false evidence during the trial over a group of members of the Communist Party of Western Ukraine, engineered by authorities in Rovno (1932).

He had finally found his "element" — interrogations, secretly reporting on people, search and arrest. What was more, he had be-

come a noticeable figure among other spies, agents and provocateurs.

As he was at the peak of his career, the Red Army came from the East on its mission of liberation. It was met with open arms by the populace of the towns and villages of Western Ukraine. People's wrath swept the land clear of turncoats like Hrushetsky; the man himself, afraid he would be made to answer for all those "commendable" entries in his service record fled to the Polish town of Chelm, which had already been occupied by the Nazis.

The ex-policeman had no trouble coming to terms with the occupiers and got himself a job at the Nazi Security Service — SD. Without the slightest hesitation he went to serve the torturers and hangmen of bleeding Poland, crashed under the heavy *Wehrmacht* boot. Another powerful "catalyst" was his seething hatred against the people whose son he said he was. That was why, when the first Nazi artillery shells exploded on Soviet territory beyond the Westeren Bug, Petro Hrushetsky started hastily preparing for crossing the river.

He waited until the front line had moved further eastward and then turned up in Rovno, together with a group of other traitors like him. The Nazis proclaimed the city the "capital" of the enslaved Ukraine. Hrushetsky's appearance in Rovno marked the most ignominious page in his biography — or, to be precise, his appointment as a "training inspector" at a newly established Nazi police school. As before, he wasn't worried about

his modest position. He was confident it was only a starting point...

He was right. His employers didn't take long in appreciating their new henchman. Soon Hrushetsky was promoted to School Principal, and some time later became Chief of the Criminal Police, or *Kripo* in the Nazi parlance, that later proved responsible for the death of thousands of civilians, and for atrocious "punitive operations".

Hrushetsky's immediate superior, Goldinghausen, head of the 5th Department of the Security Police Administration and SD, had every reason now and then to pat Hrushetsky's shoulder good-naturedly; his Ukrainian subordinate was carrying out his instructions with utmost diligence.

The Kripo chief never appeared on Rovno streets without a German shepherd on a leash. He put on the SS uniform, which he preferred to the regular police outfit, and he was allowed to do so in recognition of "special merits" before the Nazi Security Service. He not only looked like an SS-man. Before long, he completely reorganized the police force under him for use in punitive missions.

After the war, the characters like Petro Hrushetsky have often "suffered" from attacks of "amnesia". Small wonder, because if Hrushetsky's parishioners in Adelaide asked him what he had done in early November, at the start of WWII, he wouldn't be likely to tell them the truth. How could a humble servant of Our Lord possibly admit that a total of 16,500 peaceful civilians had been exterminated over only several days at

the period, with him taking a most direct part in the atrocities?

Well, such is the truth. On November 5, 1941, Petro Hrushetsky was strolling on Rovno's main street. It was getting to be a warm evening. On noticing Jews stealing from one house to the next, he grinned maliciously. "I wonder what they would do if they knew what lies in store for them tomorrow," he told himself.

None of them, of course, knew that it was the last time they saw the setting sun. All they knew was that the following day they had to come to preassigned points of assembly with personal valuables, plus some food, to be transported somewhere out of town.

On November 6, as though foretelling imminent disaster, the weather took an abrupt change for the worse. The gloomy morning saw the Jewish residents hurrying to the city center. People looked depressed, scared because they didn't know what was up. Mothers led and carried their children. Young men and women helped weak elders on their way. Separate groups were gradually merging into a crowd that formed a broad line, filling the whole of the street. It was a silent procession with occasional stifled sobs and shrill commands from the guards on both sides...

Petro Hrushetsky and his men had done their best to prevent the doomed from learning the actual point of destination to which the column was now being herded. They had succeeded only partially; most people in the column were asking themselves where they were being led and why there were dozens of

horse-drawn carts following them. When there were no guards nearby, some even placed their things on a cart and gave their children a lift.

The farther the column moved from the city, however, the greater became the general feeling of alarm. In those last minutes of their life, people tried to cheer up one another, sharing hopes which they no longer believed. It started snowing, the first snow of the year. It was falling noiselessly, settling in a smooth white carpet under their feet, quickly covering people's tracks on the soft damp earth of the field, as though trying to somehow brighten up the last seconds of the people unknowingly approaching the Nazi machine guns mounted on top of a clay parapet...

As the column reached the natural boundary of Sosenky, the victims caught sight of some damp trees, and of large gaping pits. Several minutes passed and the massacre started — what Hrushetsky and his thugs regarded as "daily work." They divided the victims into groups, ordering each to strip at the edge of the pit, forcing every victim to part with the belongings, resorting to sheer physical violence at the slightest sign of resistance. After that, a flare would be shot, aimed at the skies, and all those brandishing firearms — machine guns and *Schmeisser* automatic pistols — would start firing, adding to the flickering red of the flare, the lead shower hitting the dense row of the condemned.

Every bullet struck home, although not all

of the victims were killed instantly: mothers tried to protect their children with their own bodies, and some of the victims tumbled down the ditch either hit by bullets or carried by the avalanche of other bodies. Being through with every such "group," the Germans and Ukrainian Nazi policemen would get down to the bottom of the pit and finish off those showing signs of life with a shot or a kick with a heavy boot...

The gunfire echoed in Sosenky for several days, clouds of gunsmoke rising over the trees. The earth on the freshly buried pits heaved and oozed human blood, as though writhing in fear and wrath.

It was one of the gravest, but not the last, atrocities in which Hrushetsky took part. He became a zealous executor of the Nazi plan of "scorched earth" to be left behind in Rovno Region. He knew every nook and cranny in Rovno and the suburbs, so he hunted people down, finding them in hiding places. With the grip of his pistol he kicked in the teeth of those who refused to greet him in Ukrainian, and at the same time ordered hundreds of Ukrainians gassed in "murder-buses." He had at one time sworn allegiance to Poland, but now he ordered whole Polish villages and their residents destroyed.

It was thus the Nazi lackey practically realized the statement made by the nationalist newspaper *Volyn*: "At this hour collaboration with the German people (read: German Nazis — author) is our way of taking vengeance." The horrible traces left by the punitive missions personally supervised by Petro

Hrushetsky (and in which he was personally and actively involved) could have told a lot of facts. A mere suspicion of "disloyalty," an unfriendly look or word often became reasons for merciless executions of whole villages. By way of example, the village of Remel near Rovno was razed to the ground and no one came to weep on the ruins, because almost all residents had been shot by Nazi bullets. The *Gebietskommissar* (the highest Nazi authority of Rovno Region) ordered Remel struck out of the records of points of habitation...

There isn't a single town or village in this locality whose residents didn't suffer from the "new order" enforced by the occupiers and their henchmen. Thugs on "punitive missions" murdered infants by tossing them in the air and catching them on the tips of bayonets, smashing their heads against walls. They locked residents in their homes, or in the village church, sealing the doors and windows, and set the structures on fire, burning the captives alive.

Petro Hrushetsky helped extend the scale of these atrocities by personal instructions and his own actions. Thus, eyewitness testimonies corroborate that he personally shot the watchman of a park in Rovno, and an old Jewish woman who had miraculously escaped a mass execution. It was for this "meritorious service" that Erich Koch, *Reichskommissar* of Ukraine, promoted Hrushetsky to Police Commissioner of Volyn and Podillya.

But such is the fate of all who rely upon the bayonets of foreign invaders: sooner or

later, they have to pack in a hurry and run from their own people. Hrushetsky was no exception from the rule. Soviet artillery salvoes sent him on his way westward. For some time he "cooperated" with the SS and Gestapo in Chelm, the way he had done five years ago, and was conferred a medal, and together with five most active associates, found himself transferred to Lublin.

Like many other war criminals who managed to evade just punishment for their heinous deeds, Petro Hrushetsky decided to hide his tracks by getting to live across the ocean. Like others of his ilk, he thought that graves and dungeons would reliably conceal everything connected with his past bloodletting job. Still, decades after the war he was afraid to look people in the eyes and thought it prudent to look up to Our Lord. His taking the vows had nothing to do with religious persuasions; the expert killer simply reckoned that the chasuble and church walls would forever separate him from his past.

It was thus a veteran hangman turned into an archpriest. It was thus a murderer stepped into the Cathedral of Adelaide.

All this camouflage, however, proved of no avail. The Ukrainian nation possesses a complete and most accurate list of Petro Hrushetsky's war crimes. Making this list public knowledge is demanded by the memory of the 16,500 peaceful residents gunned down at the village of Sosenky, and the 81,500 humans gassed inside Nazi murder-buses or killed by Nazi bullets on Bila Street in Rovno.

The voice of this memory renders powerless all sermons delivered by the Rev. Petro Hrushetsky. Confronted by the overwhelming truth of his past, these sermons turn into what they actually are — a pack of brazen lies. Take a closer look at the cross with which this "servant of Our Lord Jesus Christ" blesses his flock: there is congealed human blood on it!

## Life Never Dies...

Anton Malinovsky sat in the shade of a big pear tree. His voice was calm and even, his eyes dry, as though he were telling about somebody else, and that what had happened years ago had nothing to do with him. It was only his callous, weather beaten farmer's hands that gave him away. He didn't seem able to keep them still for a moment; they lived a life of their own, still suffering from an old wound that time couldn't heal. This and the telltale deep furrows on his sun-darkened face, making it look like the bark of an old tree, told an altogether different story...

This gray-haired man had lived more than 70 years — time enough to leave its traces, although the deepest trace had been left by a single day in his life, December 16, 1942...

It seemed at first that the war had spared, bypassed the small village of Ozirtsi. There was the distant rumbling of gun salvoes. Now and then tired, dust-covered soldiers would pass through the streets, stop briefly to drink

thirstily from a well, and move on their way to the blazing hell where pitched battles were fought for every inch of their native land.

One day, the cannonade behind the forest was heard for an especially long time. In fact, it lasted till the following morning, and even then separate explosions and bursts of gunfire echoed over the village. Some time later, tanks, covered by soot and bearing German crosses, appeared in the outskirts, their treads crushing the gravel of the road. Nazi planes zoomed over the forest, and the first invaders, dressed in grayish green field jackets with rolled-up sleeves, stepped into the village.

Months passed in a wary silence and uncertainty. Nazi transport and infantry units occasionally passed through the village, but the latter was increasingly often visited by characters wearing white armbands — policemen...

As though trying to prove they were even tougher than the occupiers, they burst in village homes, grabbing everything in sight, leaving behind vandalized furniture, kitchenware, weeping children and physically abused adults. And always, as they left, they were followed by looks of hatred from behind closed windows and through cracks in the fence.

More and more often, the villagers heard gunfire and grenade explosions somewhere in the forest. Later, word reached Ozirtsi that there had appeared partisans in the locality, that they had killed a Nazi officer and captured a food transport. Almost daily, groups of

preoccupied SS-men hurried through the village (by that time the populace knew well what their insignia — skull and crossbones on the field caps and zigzag "lightnings" on the lapels meant).

Once, a group of Nazi soldiers walked through the village. Shortly afterward, they returned, hurrying on the snow-covered road, now and then looking back. One could see they were considerably smaller in number. Still later, a group of horsemen raced through the streets, headed for the forest. Ozirtsi residents recognized one of them — Pahoda, head of the Nazi District Administration, a cruel and treacherous man who stopped at nothing.

They returned, bringing with them four dead Nazi soldiers, and rode back to Kostopil. Now people could take a closer look at other riders — they were SS-men...

That same day the villagers learned that four Nazis had been bushwhacked and killed by partisans. They, however, had no way of knowing that the Nazi authorities had decided to retaliate their death by exterminating as many as 100 civilians per every German soldier killed, and wipe the village of Ozirtsi off the surface of the earth. Pahoda and other policemen who had been allowed to attend the Nazi staff meeting nodded their heads in eager agreement and then tried to outdo one another in proposing various steps lest anyone could steal out of the village and avoid the "punishment."

The following day horse-drawn carts started being brought to the village, creaking

their way along the adjoining roads. They were gathered from nearby villages to pick what peasants' property would be looted after the execution, following numerous previous "confiscations."

Some of the people at Ozirtsi suspected what was coming and began preparing for a quiet escape, but it was too late. There were posted Ukrainian Nazi policemen with their white armbands all round the village, sealing off every route of escape to the forest.

People were herded to the side of the village where SS-men and the police brass hats had gathered on top of a hill. For some time, while the village was being combed through for residents in hiding, the victims and their executioners stood facing each other in silence.

The dead quiet was suddenly ruptured by a woman shouting "Help! They've just killed my husband!"

Now everybody understood what those distant sporadic gun shots and cries meant. The crowd came astir with alarm. That same instant, Chief of the District Police Force, Korolchuk, catching a look from a tall lean Gestapo officer, pushed forward and shouted to the crowd:

"Now you be quiet! You hear me? No one's being shot, authorities are just trying to find out who's creating disorder!"

The people, however, knew better than trust the words or deeds of the nationalist police. Anton Malinovsky's 18-year-old daughter Nadiya tried to slip out of the crowd and

run for the forest. A shot was fired and the girl, clutching at the air, fell on the tramped snow. A short thick-set policeman barked a satisfied laugh and reloaded his carbine.

The same tall Gestapo officer uttered a brisk command and the Nazis and policemen closed in on the crowd, herding people toward a newly dug deep pit. The dark wall of the forest, to which they had grown used since childhood, seemed so near and beckoning. It meant shelter and life. But the victims couldn't reach it. It was blocked by lines of armed enemies.

For the last time the villagers saw the big shining world in which they had been born, lived and reared their children. Then they were cut down by bullets and stabbed by bayonets. Mothers fell, children slipping out of their clutching hands in that horrible tumbling of dead and still living bodies. With the last desperate effort, they tried to protect the small ones with their own bodies. Death found them all...

That day, Anton Malinovsky lost his wife, five children, his brother, his wife and their eight children. His brother's three married daughters were killed together with their babies. Others who escaped the execution by sheer miracle also lost their close and dear ones...

In fact, there were hardly any people left to grieve over the slaughtered victims of the Nazi massacre. Less than one-tenth of the village's some 500 residents survived, because prior to the "punitive operation" the Nazis had sent them out of the village to chop down

the trees lining the road. Anton Malinovsky and his son were among these. Of the eighty village homes, only one was burned down for fear the forest would catch fire.

The victims of that atrocity never learned what all those responsible for their death, posing as "defenders of the interests of the Ukrainian people," would years later have to say on their tragic lot. Thus, Borovetz, one of the nationalist leaders in that part of Rovno Region, who operated under the alias of "Taras Bulba," would refer to the tragedy of Ozirtsi as a "natural and warranted action." Incidentally, traitors like Pahoda and Korolchuk were made welcome in his gangs, which would inflict countless losses on the civilian populace after WWII.

The horrifying truth about that day was related by the only man who had made it back from his grave — a local resident by the name of Tadeush Baginsky. He had been badly wounded and lain among the dead until night came, then he had crawled out of the pit (several years later, he was brutally murdered by the nationalists; they didn't spare the man who had once escaped death — but that was something to be expected, as the thugs had acted in their usual manner, not wanting to leave a witness of their atrocity).

All that remained of Ozirtsi was three and a half dozen of residents, smoking debris, and a huge "common grave." Still, the butchers failed to destroy the village for good. Today, in place of the ruins, there stand new modern neat cottages, their big windows relfecting the bright sun, with children running and

laughing in the streets. People live here again, with their daily joys and concerns, but they all remember that common grave with white birches, bent over it in pensive silence, looking down at bright yellow flowers...

I followed Anton Malinovsky's eyes. From where we sat, there was a full view of his yard. The old man was telling me how every evening he wished those birch trees a good night, with his eyes, not with words, and how he greeted them early every morning, because those trees grew over the remains of his dearest and closest ones.

He saw me to the gate of the yard, and as we stood in the street every passer-by greeted this lean gray-haired man with marked respect. People didn't have to be told that the old man Malinovsky was on his way to meet his grandchildren by his only son who had survived the tragedy...

## White Birch Trees

Both of them died on the same night — Adam Kovtunovych who had just turned 50, and Vasyl Melnykovych, who was 19. Despite the difference in age, both were tall and strong men who would have lived long afterward... but were not destined to. Today, birch trees rustle over their graves at the village cemetery, standing there like grief-stricken mothers, like inconsolable sisters.

Both were born in the same faraway village of Dibrivsk in Polissya. Devastated by the war, it was just returning to peaceful li-

fe, with new buildings appearing in place of the charred debris of old ones. In the morning, children hurried to school. Stepan, the eldest son of the Melnykovychs, brought home the first books, since the place was to be used as a public reading room.

After the long gruesome war years, people took their time getting used to peaceful life. They found it hard to believe that the village would no longer be raided by Nazi aircraft, or that "punitive" units of bloodthirsty thugs wouldn't suddenly appear on forest paths leading to the place. It was, however, peacetime now, and the red flag unfurled from the building of the Village Soviet filled their hearts with confidence: the grim past wouldn't return, ever.

Adam Kovtunovych had been elected chairman of the Village Soviet. He was, of course, proud of the trust placed in him by the community, yet he felt ill at ease. Word often reached them that there were nationalist gangs still active somewhere in the thick of the forest, who ruthlessly terrorized the local civilian residents and butchered Soviet activists.

Those weren't mere rumors. Not so long ago, Mykola Smahliuk, Secretary of the Village Soviet, had disappeared, and later his maimed body had been found in the forest with the word "secretary" carved on his chest.

Nor were Kovtunovych's present responsibilities easy ones. The man lacked education. He had had no time to study. Since childhood, he had worked on the land and herded cattle.

Still, he was doing his best and his fellow villagers were always there to lend a hand with his public job, give a word of good advice and encouragement. Besides, the government helped the village quickly to heal the war wounds, so that every new day brought signs of rejuvenation and growing well-being.

All this enraged the nationalist ringleaders who tried to intimidate, demoralize the populace and discredit Soviet power. They sent threatening messages to village communists, demanding that they stop encouraging people to join collective farms, or else they, the nationalists, would get to them no matter what, and skin them alive.

Kovtunovych was not a communist, yet he felt proud that the nationalists considered him a member of the Party. It meant he was working well. He said to his wife:

"Everything's going to be all right. Don't worry. I'm not the only one they threaten. They are afraid of our people, so they take it out on us."

In the evenings, the gas lamps at the Melnykovych's burned till late in the night (there was no electricity at the village as yet). Young villagers gathered there and listened with avid interest as Vasyl read or retold news from the newspapers. Sitting in that small poorly lit village home, outside whose walls stretched the endless Polissya forest, they discussed giant construction projects under way throughout the country, and the first kolkhozes being organized in the Western Ukrainian lands. All those young men and

women firmly believed that before long important changes would also take place at their village, that they would be given broad access to knowledge and new professions. More and more often after such discussions a young man or a girl would take a sheet of paper and write in a shaky unsure hand, "Please let me become a member of the Komsomol..."

It was thus the two of them lived and served their common cause — Adam Kovtunobych and Vasyl Melnykovych. It was thus the two of them met their last night in September 1948...

That evening the dogs in the village barked and howled, as though trying to warn people against the coming disaster. Hurriedly, the residents blew out their lamps, but even as they did, a single file of dark figures was stealthily approaching the village along a barely visible path leading from the forest.

The ringleader was satisfied: they had chosen the right time and got both men almost as they were eating their supper. Melnykobych's wife was at her feet, begging for her husband. The bandit pushed the woman aside and ordered to bring in the captives.

There they stood, side by side, staring at a long-legged figure in front. The man was rocking on his heels and neither of the victims knew that facing them was Honta, one of the most vicious Banderist functionaries. Kovtunovych took another look at the unshaven face before him. The thug reeked of acrid campfire smoke and a body long in

need of a bath. Kovtunovych couldn't but smile. Living out there, in the thick of the forest, must be tough!

Honta noticed the expression on Kovtunovych's face.

"Smiling, aren't you, Comrade Chairman? Go right ahead. You'll have a real big laugh after the two of us have had a nice little chat in private. But now I intend to deal with this young Red fine fellow..."

The bandit was trying to see fear in their eyes, to make them give in to brutal force. Both captives, however, remained outwardly calm. It was only after Honta had thrust his dirty paw in Vasyl's inside pocket and taken hold of his Komsomol membership card that the young man took a quick step forward, only to tumble to the floor under a stunning blow to the head. He came to as he was being dragged out of the house.

Vasyl Melnykovych was placed in front of his home, in the shade of the tall poplars. Slowly, he took in the street he had known since childhood. He saw his mother. The old woman was running — nay, she was flying — to where he stood. She was late. At a barked command the triggers were pulled and hot lead pierced the young fellow's chest, the night answering the shots with a frightened echo. In the meantime, the victim's home was vandalized, the guffawing bandits tearing up books and tossing them in the blazing stove. Its flames played on their brutalized faces, turning the place — only recently a tidy, expertly kept rural dwelling — into a scene from some blood-chilling phantasmagoria.

Afterward, the thugs took Adam Kovtunovych to the forest. They led their prisoner past his lamenting wife and big-eyed children, also past Yevdokia Melnykovych who had flung herself onto the ground damp with her son's blood.

Honta knew he would get nothing out of the man, not even a hissed plea for quicker death. The nationalist gang butchered the chairman of the Dibrivtsi Village Soviet in a remote natural boundary. Several months later, a team of lumberjacks found his maimed body in that place. Only dark night and silent forest could have told the people what sufferings he had had to endure before he was put to eternal sleep with the aid of a rope garrote. His remains were brought home. His 3-year-old daughter Nastya became hysterical:

"Mummy, do please put Daddy up on the stove, let him get warm!..."

Today, white birches rustle in the wind over their graves. Every morning the village wakes up to attend to their daily chores. Tractor motors rumble sonorously out in the fields, children hurry to the new building of their school. There are thousands of books stocked at the local library, once started as a couple of shelves laden with several dozens books at Melnykovych's home. Nikifor, currently the youngest of the family, is director of the club in Dibrivtsi; in a way he picked up the baton dropped by his slain brother.

Neither the young fellow nor his middle-aged fellow villager wanted to die that night;

it was hard to meet one's violent end after living through such long and unprecedentedly devastating war. Still, they didn't let their nationalist murderers hear a single word of plea for mercy escape their lips. Such fortitude of spirit is found only in people who unshakably believe in their cause, and who are prepared to serve it to the very end.

Dibrivtsi remembers its heroes. Their deeds are extolled by exhibits at the village museum, and one of the Young Pioneers detachments at the local grade school is named after Vasyl Melnykovych. People revere the memory of those who gave their lives for the peaceful present day.

## Rev. Mstislav's Earthly Routes

If one were to map the trips ventured by this clergyman, the resultant grid would be a sophisticated affair. This man could suddenly turn up in New York where he spoke before the Secretariat of the World Congress of Free Ukrainians (one of the major reactionary Ukrainian nationalist bodies in the West). Shortly afterward, he was seen in London, Britain, sanctifying a new iconostasis at a cathedral of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church (UAOC). Several days later, he was already greeted by his nationalist associates and adherents in Munich...

Who is this indefatigable traveler? What makes him board or fly across the world? Why does this elderly man travel so much?

All who know him as Stepan Skrypnyk in lay world, and as the Most Rev. Bishop Mstislav, can testify that he has never suffered from excessive modesty. As a matter of fact, this man has always sought a way to go down in history — even if through a back door.

In a way, he has reached this goal, for over the past few decades his name has occupied a major place on the lists of traitors of the Ukrainian people. At Rovno's Museum of Scientific Atheism in Ukraine his name is mentioned in a section of the exposition under the eloquent heading: "Anti-Soviet Activities of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church."

The shepherd fully deserves this reference. He has long claimed the role of a spiritual leader of the Ukrainian nationalist emigration. On more than one occasion Skrypnyk has resorted to various cunning "cosmetic" tricks in order to cleanse his robes and conscience of the stains of his past doings — or at least to conceal them as best as he could.

Thus, back in 1947, the Winnipeg-based Ukrainian religious biweekly *Visnyk* carried a touching biography of the Most R. Mstislav who had just arrived in Canada from Europe. Later, full-length films were produced on his instructions — *Shchob Dzvony Dzvonyly* (So the Bells Can Toll) and *Chysta Voda* (Clear Water). These and many other propaganda materials openly advertised the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church, and above all her Metropolitan, portraying him as a champion of faith and truth.

Huge sums were spent on the publicity campaign, but all this proved of little consequence as the elaborately built-up image showed cracks that spoiled the portrait of the UAOC spiritual overlord in the USA, painted as it was in accordance with the Rev. Mstislav's express instructions.

A closer look at the metropolitan's biography in retrospect reveals that the man fought against his own people at all significant periods of his life, and that he did so without the slightest qualm, but with an envious dedication. He began by serving in the thugs' gangs of the ill-famed Simon Petlura. Later, he danced attendance on Pilsudski's pro-Nazi Polish administration. When the Ukrainian land was engulfed by Nazi hordes, Stepan Skrypnyk turned up in Rovno, in the wake of the *Wehrmacht* onslaught. There he was placed at the head of the so-called Ukrainian Council of Trust in Volyn and began to publish the newspaper *Volyn* in which he did his best to help the Nazis enforce their horrible "new order" in the locality.

Striving to demonstrate his utmost loyalty and readiness to cooperate with the Nazis in every way, the would-be reverend father stopped at nothing. He is known to have made oral and written statements, the cynicism and servility of which are so disgusting that some nationalist functionaries called them, rather aptly, "self-degrading toadyism."

Skrypnyk actually made no secret of the fact that his words and deeds at the period were guided by Rosenberg's department (i. e., the Nazi Ministry for Occupied Eastern Ter-

ritories). There were others besides Rosenberg, Skrypnyk said, bursting with loyal pride and self-importance.

Let us, however, refer ourselves to hard facts, including those found in black and white on the pages of *Volyn*. The latter, for example, proudly reported the achievements of the "German flying knights" (i. e., the Nazi *Luftwaffe* Air Force) that were at the time mercilessly bombing and shelling innocent refugees. The nationalist hacks suffered from want of even more extolling epithets in describing the *Wehrmacht* advance on Leningrad, in the course of which hundreds of thousands of civilian residents would eventually perish.

Such was the general background against which Stepan Skrypnyk took his hat off to the occupiers in an editorial which read in part: "The Ukrainian people has become part of momentous historic events, and it strives in every possible way to assist Great Germany in winning her victory in the course of her struggle for a physical as well as spiritual reconstruction of the whole of Europe..."

The growing partisan movement in Ukraine, the spreading underground patriotic resistance effort, feats of arms performed by millions of Ukrainians fighting the enemy side by side in the ranks of the Soviet Army — all this completely refuted Skrypnyk's treacherous lies. The above quotation, however, is not meant simply as yet another evidence of the future metropolitan's political identity and "truthfulness." It has a rather eloquent continuation: "Therefore, we must

subordinate all spheres of our life to this outstanding goal (the reader, of course, understands that Skrypnyk has in mind Hitler's 'reconstruction' of Europe — Author). The same applies to the Church."

The last phrase actually explains the mysterious transformation of the "founder and Editor-in-Chief" of that dirty Nazi newspaper into the Bishop of Pereyaslav, Vicar of Kiev. Nazi officials arrived at the conclusion that Skrypnyk's tireless activities on the Ukrainian Council of Trust and Volyn's Editorial Board had about as miserable effect on the populace as Dr. Goebbels' propaganda did on the powerful offensive launched by the Soviet forces.

The idea of aiming the Autocephalous Orthodox Church against the Ukrainian people is nothing new. Here the laurels by no means belong to the strategists of Rovno's *Reichskommissariat* and Gestapo. The hierarchs of this Church showed their true face as enemies of their own nation from her very inception. It wasn't coincidental that Petlura's thugs turned to them for assistance and encouragement in the years of the Civil War (1918-1920); subsequently the same was done by the pro-Nazi regime of bourgeois Poland, the reactionary Uniate clergy, and finally the Nazi occupiers. At one time, this Church was headed by Sikorsky, an agent of the Polish Secret Police who, ordained under the name of Polikarp, became UAOC's Chief Administrator in Ukraine. Among other Autocephalous archpriests one could also mention the former Petlura's Minister Ohiyenko, who

as Archbishop Hilarion of Chelm zealously fulfilled the assignments of *Herr* Bisantz, an officer of the *Abwehr* (Nazi military intelligence).

Getting back to wartime documents, here is an entry from one of them: "On the occasion of this anniversary, commemorating the day when, on your orders, the valiant forces of the Great German nation entered the Ukrainian land... we the Episcopate of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church are sending from Kiev, on behalf of the entire Ukrainian people, our heartfelt words of gratitude for our liberation; we assure you that we are faithful to the lofty ideas which we are bound to realize by the Divine Providence. Upon this day we are addressing ardent prayers to the Almighty, humbly asking Him to grant you strength and the best of health, so you can successfully accomplish the great cause you have embarked upon..."

The above is an excerpt from a telegram they sent to Adolf Hitler on the occasion of the 2nd anniversary of Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union. It is hard to say whether this message is more servile toward those who were then trampling Ukrainian soil, or that it was an extremely cynical humiliation of the Ukrainian people whose sons the authors considered themselves to be.

The telegram addressed to the bloodthirsty *Führer* was signed, among others, by Bishop Mstislav. Later, addressing the American and Canadian Ukrainians, the man called heaven to witness that he treasured his love for the "long-suffering Mother-Ukraine." The nerve,

the cynicism, the hypocrisy!... But Skrypnyk wouldn't be Skrypnyk if he didn't have all these "virtues," and to spare.

Some may still persist — and that's what Mstislav and others of his ilk have done on more than one occasion — in denying that the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church has ever been involved in politics, but has only comforted people in time of ordeal. However, the quotations provided above, and countless others that could be cited here — but more importantly, the actual deeds of these characters — provide a rather descriptive profile of one of the mercenaries currently clad in holy robes.

The Nazis knew what they were doing when they dispatched the newly ordained bishop to the occupied Eastern areas of Ukraine. He had already compromised himself by contacts with the occupation authorities in Rovno and Volyn Region, so much so that honest people could no longer believe a single word he uttered from the pulpit. In other words, a "change of scenery" was quite propitious; it by no means impeded his connections with Nazi clandestine agencies, but served as a fresh impetus in his activities in which his religious status was a convenient disguise. Under the pretext of attending to Church affairs, this Nazi-agent-bishop traveled extensively in Ukraine, on Gestapo missions.

That was how he lived and worked until the tidal wave of liberation swept the Soviet land clear of the Nazi aggressors and traitors of all shades who helped them. Mstislav-Skrypnyk was fortunate enough to have evaded the

lot of others of his like who suffered well-deserved punishment. Once across the ocean, he heaved a breath of relief and promptly became convinced that his new guardians had no intention of beaming him for his past faithful collaboration with the Nazis. Quickly he forgot his fears and plunged headlong in the struggle for power within the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church, in which he eventually reached his goal and became her top of hierarchy in the United States.

At the new post, Mstislav displayed tireless activity, which — as in the war years — had very little to do with religion. All his words and deeds proved governed by an all-consuming desire to have his share in the anti-Soviet campaign, then raging in the West, and above all, by his insatiable thirst for leadership. Needless to say, the Most Rev. Mstislav was overjoyed at the news of the US-sponsored Oppressed Nations Week. He spoke "in defense of Soviet Jews" and showed a touching solidarity of views with the Zionists. His frequent public appearances reminded one of an old worn-out record being played repeatedly on the gramaphone.

The Most Rev. Bishop is probably still capable of deceiving some of the emigres who are unaware of his scandalous "service record." The man keeps up his treacherous efforts in the hope that the poisonous seeds sown by UAOC will take root in the Ukrainian soil. Vain hopes! The verdict the Ukrainian people passed in relation to the Autocephalous clerics is final and cannot be appealed against.

## Born a Second Time

Here water lies deep in the earth, but those who dug the well reached deep enough and got to an underground spring. Since time immemorial this well has given people water, as well as to their cattle and poultry, vegetable gardens and orchards. In the evening it heard lovers' whispered endearments, and during the day it welcomed thirsty passers-by.

The time came, however, when this drinking well became a sinister place, avoided by one and all. Those who walked past it quickened their pace, not wanting to be left alone with the grim memory...

That September morning in 1944, people drew out not water from it but mutilated corpses. Every time the crank completed its creaking revolutions the crowd surrounding the well fell silent and clenched their fists, lest they give away their horror in a scream.

This well was turned into a common grave by nationalist thugs who hoped the bowels of the earth would safely hide the tracks of their atrocities.

The tracks, however, remained. There was even one eyewitness miraculously returned to life from the wet grave. Among the bodies, a girl was retrieved from the well. Maimed, she was still breathing. Her first words upon regaining consciousness rendered the people around her speechless and sent their hearts aflame with fresh hatred against the butchers. In the eyes of that small girl was a look of frozen terror, and of grief long past her age.

As she spoke, the details of the atrocity in that scarcely populated natural boundary of Dibrova gradually transpired...

It happened in the evening of a clear warm fall day. A horse-drawn cart was on its way from the village of Bokiymy to the district center of Demydivka. 4-year-old Larissa Rudkovska sat on the cart. She clung to her parents and could not understand why everybody was silent and tense, casting wary looks at the distant forest and ravines.

Before long, they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs behind. The girl watched as the grownups whirled in that direction and got their weapons ready. The cloud of dust kept approaching. A gust of wind tossed it aside and the people on the cart breathed with relief. Those were not enemies; they could make out the red star on the forage cap of the man up front.

They realized their fatal mistake when they could take a closer look at his and other unshaven faces swollen from hard drinking and now wearing malicious grins. It was too late. Staring at them on all sides were gun barrels. A hoarse voice gave the command:

"Drop your arms!"

Reeking of stale alcohol, the bandits burst into a laugh.

"Happy, weren't you, seeing Soviet soldiers coming up from behind? Don't worry, we'll make you even happier in a minute..."

Later, some of the thugs would be apprehended by the Soviet security service and would confess that one of their favorite tricks had been to dress some of their gorillas in

Soviet uniforms. It was thus the nationalists had bushwhacked the people headed for the district center that day. Among the cart's passengers, there were different people — chairman of the Village Soviet, several postal workers, a militia-man, and ordinary peasants with their children. To the bandits, however, they embodied Soviet power, the new way of life it had brought, everything against which the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists had been struggling with such beastly determination...

Flor Rudkovsky, chairman of Bokiymy's Village Soviet, knew what to expect from the thugs. He felt no fear, only bitter remorse over his own carelessness. He hadn't been able to protect his wife and daughter. For the last time he reached out with his hand and touched Larissa's soft hair...

The victims were ordered off the cart and made to walk several kilometers to a separated farmstead, driven with nationalists' rifle butts and their loud curses on their way. Drops of blood from captives' wounds painted fallen leaves and grass by the side of the road in bright scarlet patches. Later, their fellow villagers would find their bodies following this sinister track. The nationalists murdered their prey with their customary brutality, gouging out their defenseless victims' eyes, plucking out their tongues, cutting their skin into stripes, chopping off women's breasts. All this took place in front of small Larissa's eyes. Afterward, the girl witnessed her mother's hair-raising torment and death.

"You'll be the last to die," Flor Rudkovsky was informed by the thugs. "First you'll see what we do to your daughter, because you're in for some special treatment from us..."

The man lifted his eyes to the high blue skies, then lowered his gaze to the ground and its rustling carpet of fallen yellow leaves. Here on this earth he had lived for forty years as an honest man. He caught sight of the tiny pathetic figure of his daughter beside the drinking well. Pain stabbed at his heart. It was so intense he had to shut his eyes. As he opened them, he felt some superhuman surge of energy race through his body. He flexed his muscles, tore the string tying his hands behind and blindly lunged forward. He didn't hear the shot. His legs bent under him and suddenly there he was clinging tightly to the earth, his chest pierced by a nationalist bullet, as though his native soil could hold him and give him back the light fading in his dying eyes.

One of the thugs grabbed Larissa by the hand. Others looked on in appreciation as he pulled the girl roughly, lifted and tossed the fragile body in the air and shot at it as it was falling. He missed. The bullet grazed Larissa's cheek and ear. The girl was tumbling down the black abyss of the well and the last thing she remembered before the darkness of oblivion engulfed her was a patch of the blue sky. It was quickly receding, until it disappeared. Then there was a sharp pain in her broken leg. After that — nothing.

It wasn't death. The girl was destined to return to life the following morning. All those

minutes the crank of the well was being turned, until it came to a grinding stop, lifting the girl back to sunlight, seemed an eternity to the people gathered around. They were afraid the flicker of life in her tortured flesh wouldn't last long enough.

Larissa saw the sun again. As those surrounding the well looked in the child's eyes, filled with the unshed tears of a grownup woman's sorrow, the Soviet soldier holding her in his hands began to cry. The girl, still shivering with the past horror, cuddled up to him with a heart-rending trustfulness.

After that, they wouldn't weep over Larissa Rudkovska's tragic lot, nor would they sigh and say, after she walked by, "Poor little orphan!" Their restrained yet all-embracing human tenderness manifested itself in a different manner. The girl underwent a long and most exacting course of treatment, and the whole village became her big and loving family. Eventually, her elder brother returned from the army and the girl moved to live at his place. Not a single day would pass without someone from the collective farm's management, or just a fellow villager, dropping in to ask if there was anything they needed.

Larissa's mental wounds took considerably longer to heal than the girl's physical injuries. The psychological shock she had sustained was too severe. Still, the warm human care and love surrounding her gradually took effect. Little by little, the ice of fear in her eyes, born by the cold dark shaft of the well, started melting. The day finally came when Larissa first took a doll in her hands and

joined a group of children playing on a meadow. Less and less often she had nightmares reviving the terrifying scenes of that evening in the forest...

The girl grew surrounded by the villagers' care and love until the collective farm sent her to Lvov, to study to become a seamstress. Through with tuition, Larissa returned and worked at the home village for several years, and then everybody saw her off on her way to Kazakhstan, to explore and master virgin soils. The girl's wounded soul, now cured, sought the expanses of the surrounding world.

In accordance with an old Slavic tradition, Larissa bowed her head low before her fellow countrymen, thanking them for everything before she left. They wished her to be happy. "You must live a long and happy life, even for the sake of all those close and dear ones that departed from you forever on that fall days so many years ago!" they told her.

## The End of "Dalekyi"

The early morning sun had risen high enough to light the pine tops when the silence enveloping the bunker was broken by submachine gun-fire, followed by a hand grenade explosion. Leaves cut off by bullets floated to the ground in slow graceful circles. A vaguely shaped figure dashed through the bush in the still dark thickness of the forest. The fugitive couldn't have possibly known that the entire place was surrounded.

"Don't shoot! Tell your commander I'm Dalekyi!" The man shouted all this in a shrill desperate voice from the depth of the swamp, after he got convinced there was no escape and he felt the chilling breath of death after him.

As his pursuers ran closer they saw a tall man lying in the mud. He didn't have to identify himself. The Soviet State Security men knew him well enough: *Dalekyi*, also known under the nationalist aliases of *Toma, Yuri, Bohoslov*. They also knew his first and second name, given him at birth: Stepan Yanishevsky, head of one of the local nationalist *provid* (leaderships) of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, then active in Rovno Region.

He first turned up in the Ukrainian town of Vinnitsya shortly after it was seized by the Nazis. Once swarming, noisy streets now were totally deserted, echoing with the heavy boots of Nazi patrols and the laboring engines of covered trucks racing through them, speeding fresh portions of martyrs on their way to Gestapo.

On those days, Stepan Yanishevsky was bursting with enthusiasm and bright hopes for future career. As before the war, he fancied posing as a "true Ukrainian" and told as much to whoever happened to be listening. He showed off his "perfect" Ukrainian pronunciation (after all, he hadn't worked as a teacher of Ukrainian all those preceding years for nothing!). He became so engrossed in his new role, he found himself actually believing his assumed identity — but that would last

only till he had to get down to discharging his actual functions.

As soon as Yanishevsky stepped into the HQ building of the Guard Police Battalion, he shed his mask as a Ukrainian "patriot," emerging in his true identity, that of a ruthless, power-hungry, zealous, and deadly efficient assistant of the Nazi occupiers.

Indeed, even sick imagination couldn't probably link his service on Nazi payroll to the alleged mission of contributing to the cause of "liberating" that "Mother-Ukraine." Under the command of Omelyanovych-Pavlenko, a hardened traitor of the Ukrainian people, clad in Nazi uniform, this battalion in every way matched the German *Sonderkommando* specially trained punitive units of the *Waffen SS*, maybe even outdid them in terms of cruelty toward their victims...

Later, questioned by Soviet authorities, Yanishevsky would attempt to portray himself and his henchmen as "conscientious servicemen" who tried to carry out their duties to the best of their knowledge and ability so as to "maintain public law and order" in the Nazi-occupied territories, while combating "purely criminal elements" there. He couldn't possibly know that the Soviet investigators persecuting him with questions were in possession of data concerning literally the minutest component in the structure and functioning of the battalion and the Ukrainian Nazi Police of Vinnitsya, set up on that unit's basis. In particular, this character persisted in denying the well-established fact that the so-called First Department was respon-

sible for exclusively "punitive missions" — namely, detection and arrest of partisans, underground resistance, Communist Party and other Soviet activists, and their being subsequently handed over to special Nazi services — Gestapo and SD.

Yanishevsky's diligence was duly acknowledged. After the battalion was reorganized as a police force, he was appointed as an inspector, and later became second in command.

Yanishevsky made several trips to the towns of Pohrebyshche and Sytkivtsi where he took part in "repressive missions," beating, arresting and robbing innocent people.

Yanishevsky's bosses wearing the crossbones on their service caps were pleased with his activities and those of the Ukrainian Nazi police. Everything seemed in order, except the increasingly alarming news from the Eastern Front. These news made it clear that the military machine of the *Wehrmacht*, that had seemed faultless and invincible, was now misfiring, the drivers even having to change into reverse. Those who had only recently burst with excitement, clutching at their field glasses, trying to get a better view of Moscow's suburbs, getting ready for a parade on Red Square, were now lying dead in the snow-covered fields not far from the Soviet capital. Those who had been lucky enough to escape a bullet or bayonet were now beating a hasty retreat, bringing across the rear lines word of the Soviet counteroffensive (despite strict orders and restrictions) which was dealing devastating blows to the *Wehr-*

*macht* — blows that proved much more painful than described by Dr. Goebbels' propaganda. The war inferno in the East was blazing with an increasing ferocity and devoured trainloads of Nazi manpower and materiel passing through Vinnitsya and vanishing without trace. All this noticeably sobered and cooled the hot heads of Vinnitsya policemen. Besides, the Gestapo and other Nazi agencies began to take a dim view of their machinations with valuable possessions of local residents; the nationalist lackeys were apparently getting out of line, feathering their nests.

More oil was poured on the fire after the shattering defeat of the 330,000-strong Nazi grouping in the Battle of Stalingrad. Now everybody realized that the "Millenial Third Reich" had one foot in the grave. The OUN leaders, foreseeing imminent and quite unpleasant changes, raked their brains, trying to invent a more or less credible alibi. Even at that stage they found it increasingly difficult to explain to the OUN rank and file members why the Organization was faithfully serving Hitler who flew into a rage at the slightest mention of an "independent Ukrainian State."

And so one day the OUN police in Vinnitsya could not account for the absence of Stepan Yanishevsky and his closest associate and assistant, Bogdan Kozak, in their ranks that had by then become quite thin. Both had vanished into thin air, along with trunks bulging with gold coins, watches, bracelets, false teeth made of gold which they had wrenched from the mouths of their victim, alive

or dead. After all, why should they leave all this to the Nazis? They regarded it as their hard-earned premiums for zealous service to the occupiers.

Subsequently, the two surfaced in Rovno Region where Yanishevsky became head of the OUN SB (*Sluzhba Bezpeky* — "Security Service") Department — the nationalist version of the Gestapo that scared even OUN thugs who shed rivers of human blood. Its organizers followed the example of their Nazi "counterparts" and staffed SB with the most cruel killers and hangmen, after running thorough checkups on them. The fact that the former deputy chief of Vinnitsya's police force was entrusted with this post was evidence enough that his blood-covered past experience was duly appreciated. Even his escape from Vinnitsya didn't hinder Yanishevsky's reputation in the eyes of the OUN upper echelons. On the contrary, the latter considered it as yet another asset in their treacherous play at "opposition" to the Nazi occupation regime.

Yanishevsky's new post differed little from the previous one. What Banderist documents described as "intelligence and counterintelligence functions" actually boiled down to that same unrestrained regime of terror, and of course, to assisting the Nazis in every possible way. Miserable, disreputable characters, they broke the surface of the muddy waters of wartime chaos and took full advantage of the situation in which they feared no answerability for wrongdoings; they enjoyed unlimited powers and delighted in meting out death or

life sentences to defenseless women, children and elders. Even now, decades after those events, one cannot remain calm reading their illiterate "statements" and "records" of interrogations written on dirty sheets of paper. Scribbled in the hand of a drunk nationalist thug, these "documents" actually decided the victim's destiny. SB hangmen had memorized and scrupulously put into daily practice one of the main Gestapo principles: "It is better to exterminate ten, one hundred, even one thousand innocent people than let a single guilty one ("guilty" in the opinion of the thugs, to be sure!) escape." A stroke of the pen, even a gesture meant death to the unfortunate. People were murdered because they expressed their joy over being rid of the yoke of occupation, that they could now plow their fields and send their children to school, because they refused to join nationalist gangs and turn into monsters in human form who didn't hesitate to butcher their fellow countrymen.

Let us read some of these horrible records...

*Halyna Palashchuk* from the village of Maia Lyubasha (Kostopil District). She was an ordinary woman farmer who lived through the happiest moments of her life when listening to children's laughter and the rustling of ripe rye fields. OUN thugs deprived her of these simple joys, just as they cut short her life. "Shot when attempting to escape..." reads an entry in a nationalist police file.

*Fedir Tyvonchuk* from the village of Holovyn, in that same administrative district. A tailor, he worked practically round the clock

to sustain his large family. Nationalists shot him dead.

*Maryna Narolska*, a 17-year-old postwoman from the village of Kazymirka (then in Stepaniv District), the only daughter of an ordinary village woman. Also shot.

Killing these and a number of other humans is among the criminal doings of Yanishevsky-Dalekyi and other such nationalist turncoats who, faced with the imminent Day of Reckoning, would later try to hide the tracks of their dark past. Here is, for instance, what Yanishevsky stated when interrogated by Soviet authorities: "I can't tell you exactly how many Soviet citizens perished at the hands of OUN people in 1944, because I didn't keep any files on them. I am aware, however, that there were many such victims."

It is by no means a symptom of an ailing memory. Later, he would "recall" a more "accurate" (even though by far "abridged") number of victims, in whose extermination he had been directly involved at every rung of the nationalist hierarchical ladder. Below is just one hair-raising excerpt from this mortifying statistics.

Between December and March of 1945, close to 700 civilians were put to death on Yanishevsky's orders, including residents of the village of Derevyne (Klevan District), varying in age, who were tossed down a drinking well. Among those martyrs was wife of a collective farmer who had joined a local anti-nationalist self-defense detachment. The bandits gouged out her eyes. There was also the local Russian Orthodox priest who had

anathemized the OUN killers in a sermon. He was sawed in halves while still alive.

In the course of investigation and during the trial, Dalekyi was reminded of a great many such crimes. He had to listen to quite a few things which, it would seem, only he and a couple of his most trusted associates could possibly know of.

The blood-curdling "service record" of Yanishevsky as one of the most cruel Banderist hangmen was established with the aid of people who had for months, fearlessly and indefatigably, followed his tracks. The quest had started on the night of May 27, 1947. A car stopped near one of the huge local forest zones. Those who got out of it were careful not to disturb the quiet of the spring night by clanking pieces of weaponry or by loud words. Quickly and expertly, they sorted out their equipment and vanished in the semidarkness silvered over by moon.

Those people differed in age, occupation and professional experience. The group was headed by Junior Lieutenant Volodymyr Illyash. He had been a sapper during the war and his friends said he had been born twice, because once a mine had exploded nearby, sending a small splinter right through his heart. Ilyash had been snatched out of the jaws of death by Boris Petrovsky, a field surgeon who was eventually appointed Minister of Public Health of the USSR.

Vitaly Kokhaniuk was also an experienced soldier. An ordinary country fellow, he had, just like other members of that scout group, volunteered for the difficult and dangerous

assignment because he hated OUN bandits and wanted to avenge the death of their innocent victims, burned village homes, and generally the violence the populace suffered at the hands of those "forest werewolves."

Two other scout groups were simultaneously sent to the same forest sector, given the same assignment; the latest intelligence dispatch indicated that Dalekyi and his gang had moved in that sector.

The Soviet counterintelligence officers realized that the task given them was anything but a quick and easy one. They faced a ruthless and resourceful adversary. Yanishevsky had been changing bunkers and other hiding places, moving from one forest or administrative area to the next, all the while with a growing feeling that he was a wild beast being inexorably driven into the final, lethal trap. Like an animal at the end of its tether, he dodged, hid his tracks and viciously fought back. What kept him alive was one overpowering desire: he had to survive, bide his time in a safe hideout, until he could steal across the frontier and head westward, because he was sure that people of his ilk would be put to some use there.

It was a common nationalist tactics at the period, which made the thugs especially cruel. If a local resident chanced to spot any of them, and be seen by them, he simply disappeared.

The Soviet counterintelligence officers had to travel a long and arduous road before they met Yanishevsky face to face. They spent days and nights trying to ambush the bandit, the

weather notwithstanding, and stayed in the thick of rich Polissya forests for weeks, totally isolated from the rest of the world. On more than one occasion they clashed with nationalist gangs, and every time they emerged victorious.

Actively assisted by local residents, the scout groups incapacitated a number of bandits, including Yanishevsky's chief bodyguard under the alias of Kalyna. Finally came the day when they discovered Dalekyi's exact whereabouts.

The counterintelligence officers had the forest surrounded in advance. They decided to carry out the crucial mission at dawn. As they were about to begin, they heard voices from underneath the earth. A minute or so later, the cover of a skilfully camouflaged bunker was lifted and a figure emerged.

A brief shootout followed, and all was over. The body of a bandit was discovered inside the bunker, along with Dalekyi's personal effects, but the criminal had escaped, which was something to be expected, because such bunkers usually had an extra, "emergency" exit.

The reader knows what happened afterward, until the moment the pursuers heard the desparate shout from the swamp, "Don't shoot! Tell your commander I'm Dalekyi!"

It was Dalekyi, all right. He had not once cautioned his subordinates against giving themselves up to the enemy. They had to fight to the last man. Families of OUN men who "stepped out of the forest" and laid down their arms were ruthlessly punished. But they

did, because those who did and could prove that they hadn't perpetrated especially grave criminal acts were guaranteed pardon by the Soviet government.

Stepan Yanishevsky bullied the nationalists under him, demanding that they kill their victims. However, when the fateful hour came he seemed totally oblivious of his instructions. He gave himself up, in the hope that Soviet authorities knew little about his past deeds. He counted on bargaining for his life. It was only later, when signing the pages of his multivolume war crimes case, that the habitual thug realized the futility of his expectations. Still later, there would be animal fear in his eyes as he would listen to that part of the indictment which summed up his activities in Rovno Region during WWII — 2,500 terroristic acts against civilian residents. There would be no doubt left in his mind that even one-hundredth of his past doings would suffice for the most severe of verdicts...

It was thus yet another Soviet counterintelligence mission was completed, one of the many in the course of which people and monsters in human form clashed in lethal duels, and where people, as ever before, came out victorious.

# From the Biography of a "Divine Family"

On January 24, 1942, a black limousine stopped at a checkpoint on *Schlosstrasse* in Rovno. After a brief inspection of their papers, the forewarned gendarmes lifted the striped swing barrier. Nor was the car kept for long at any of the other checkpoints as it sped in the direction of a tall heavily guarded building with columns, which was the residence of *Herr* Erich Koch, *Reichskommissar* of Ukraine.

The new arrivals went up a broad stairway leading to the house, fenced in by several rows of barbed wire. Among the visitors, an onlooker's attention would be inevitably drawn to a tall man with a cold fixed stare and a massive pectoral cross. His name was Vasyl Varvariv. He was Archpriest of the so-called Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church (UAOC), an obedient instrument in the hands of the Nazis.

UAOC hierarchs had on more than one occasion met with representatives of the German administration in Rovno, which city had been proclaimed the "capital" of the Nazi-occupied Ukraine. Even now local oldtimers vividly remember that day in August 1941, when SS and police were lined up in the yard of the Cathedral of the Resurrection and Archbishop Polikarp of Lutsk and Kovel, local top hierarch of the Autocephalous Church, and other clergy humbly shook the leather-

gloved hand of the *Luftwaffe* General Kitzinger to the accompaniment of church bells and barking German shepherds.

However, it had been a purely symbolic demonstration of loyalty to the Third Reich on the part of the clergy. On that day in January, Archbishop Polikarp was placing much greater hopes in the forthcoming audience with the Hitler-appointed Governor General of Ukraine (the audience had been promised him in connection with his promotion as Administrator — the highest official of the Autocephalous Church in Ukraine). Erich Koch had to be aware, of course, that his visitor was among the initiators and active functionaries of the Council of Trust (set up by the traitorous clergy and the nationalists to assist the Nazi invaders in every way). Once he had been appointed to the new post, the Reverend Polikarp had come out with a directive whereby all of his subordinate priests were to offer up prayers lauding the "valiant Adolf Hitler and his God-loving troops." All this made him hopeful the *Reichskommissar* would give him something more substantial than a condescending handshake.

Getting back to that day, the visiting holy fathers were disappointed literally on the threshold. A smart-looking adjutant greeted them with a casual nod and said with an ill-concealed smirk:

"*Herr Reichskommissar* is away on business."

They had to content themselves with a brief conversation with Koch's deputy, von We-

delstadt, and some minor German official named Paltze. Actually, *Herr* von Wedelstadt bothered little, if at all, with diplomatic terminology in what he had to say to them. Bluntly, he let it be known that the occupation authorities expected complete obedience from the Church and wouldn't tolerate the slightest digression from their instructions.

In other words, the visiting top clericals were once again shown their footman's place. The traitors clad in holy robes swallowed the bitter pill in silence. After all, Dr. Goebbels' propaganda was still going strong about the *Wehrmacht's* "history-making victories" and the recent defeat in the Battle of Moscow was attributed to the severe winter conditions, so they still counted on winning favors from the occupiers, along with getting some chunks of fat off their table. UAOC hierarchs spared no effort in showing their utmost dedication and faithfulness to the Third Reich. At the time, none of them could so little as dream that all those words, deeds and documents would be eventually entered in the indictment and verdict history itself would pass against them.

Consider, for instance, the nationalist periodical *Volyn*. Published in Rovno, its January 29, 1942 issue contained a front-page photograph showing the participants in the audience at the *Reichskommissariat*. Standing in the same row with Sikorsky, a former paid agent of the Polish secret service, secret agent of the Gestapo, ordained under the name of Polikarp, is the aforementioned Vasyl Varvariv.

The closeness between the two is by no means coincidental. As most UAOC hierarchs, Varvariv took quite some part in the enforcement of the Nazi "new order" in Rovno. The occupation authorities duly acknowledged his loyalty and assistance when they subsequently appointed him as a member of the Religious Council.

It was likewise for no uncertain reasons that the Reverend Vasyl became a member of a delegation visiting the *Reichskommissariat*. Only an utterly unscrupulous man who had lost all contact with his own people could join his name to the message of greetings delivered that day by Archbishop Polikarp who requested that it be conveyed to Ukraine's Chief Hangman Erich Koch. This scandalous document had it in particular that, "being aware of the epochal significance of events taking place in the east of Europe, as well as throughout the rest of the world, and that the best destinies of my people are closely linked to the victory of the great German people, I submit to Your Excellency my preparedness in faithfully cooperating with you for the sake of this lofty cause. On this occasion, I ask you please to convey my warmest wishes to the Great *Führer* of the German Nation, Adolf Hitler, so he remain bestowed with the best spiritual and physical health and be granted invariable success in order to achieve the final victory over the enemy..."

Even as he proclaimed these words, the Most R. Polikarp, Varvariv and their colleagues knew that a total of more than 16,000 ci-

vilian residents had been shot in the Rovno suburb. The massacre had been followed by a mass extermination of Soviet inmates at the POW camps in the urban vicinity.

Records of the State Extraordinary Committee for Investigations into the Crimes of German Nazi Invaders in the City of Rovno and Rovno Region contain a testimony rendered by Felix Savitsky, a Roman Catholic priest who personally observed what was taking place at those camps. He stated in part: "The death rate among the prisoners of war was high as a result of intolerable conditions and systematic undernourishment. Thousands of people died of spotted fever and other epidemic diseases. Most, however, fell under bayonets, rifle butts, and were gunned down and tortured to death by the German Nazi scoundrels. Almost daily, trucks left these camps, loaded to capacity with POW corpses. Many were buried still showing signs of life."

Such were the "better destinies" the aggressors with the legend *Gott mit uns* ("God is With Us") on their belt buckles brought to the Ukrainian land. It was, nevertheless, to them that Vasyl Varvariv and other clergymen swore allegiance on that day. Afterward, they did their best to prove in practice that they were indeed zealous assistants of the Nazi regime.

Rovno municipal officials could hardly know that the Varvariv family would settle on a street bearing the name of Mazeppa. A coincidence, no doubt, but it best fitted the actual course of events: the name of the

traitorous Ukrainian *Hetman*, who had in the 18th century assisted foreign invaders to the detriment of his own nation, proved in complete harmony with the activities conducted by both the Reverend Vasyl and the rest of his "divine family."

Vasyl Varvariv not only shut his eyes to the rivers of blood being shed on vandalized Ukrainian territories. In his sermons, this "servant of Our Lord" gave his blessings to both foreign and domestic hangmen. Archives contain a document bearing his signature. It is a circular dated October 8, 1942. The following is merely a line borrowed from it: "The formidable war being waged by the chivalrous German host against the godless Bolsheviks demands sacrifices for its victorious completion." By way of one such "sacrifice," Varvariv ordered the priests of a number of parishes to part with church bells to help meet the *Wehrmacht* demands.

Secular matters in the Reverend Vasyl's activities proved to occupy a considerably larger place than the religious ones. In his concern over "daily bread," this clergyman thought nothing of filing secret reports on his fellow priests. As for the things for which the Reverend Vasyl called with envious ardor in his sermons, they were worthily continued by his sons. Yuri received his father's blessings when he got enrolled in the Ukrainian Nazi criminal police. There he promptly won the reputation of one of the most diligent and ruthless participants in "punitive operations" against the civilian populace, although before long he was fully "rewarded" for his

thoroughness with a partisan bullet. The sinister path of treason brought Yevhen Varvariv to the police, too. Kostyantyn, the middle son, paid a monthly visit to the *Gebietskommissariat* of Rovno to sign for a set sum. Surviving witnesses would later describe the kind of job he did to earn it...

A siren howled and its piercing sound sent the market square astir. Trembling lips passed the words "Police roundup!" There was no escape, however, as the adjoining streets and lanes were blocked by parked Nazi trucks. Jumping off them were figures dressed in SS and police uniforms, many with snarling German shepherds on the leash.

"Everybody stays where he is!" a Nazi officer shouted to the people on the square through a megaphone. "Get your papers ready for inspection. Those who'll try to resist or escape will be shot on the spot!" Kicked and shoved by rifle butts, people were divided into groups. The younger ones were separated from the crowd. Those would be shipped off to Germany for slave labor. Dozens of others were pushed aside to be executed.

Among those who took part in that atrocious "sorting out" was an official of Rovno's *Gebietskommissariat* named Kostyantyn Varvariv. He knew full well who was being "sorted out" and for what purpose, just as he was aware of what was happening on Bila Street, where a "death conveyor belt" was in methodical, nonstop operation.

The following is an excerpt from a testimony made before the Extraordinary Committee by one Yakiv Karpiuk, a resident of

Rovno: "On more than one occasion I saw the Nazis exterminate Soviet citizens — Ukrainians, Russians, Poles and Jews. This is how it usually happened: the Nazi hangmen would herd the doomed to the site of execution and order them to dig a trench. After that the victims would be made to strip and lie face down at the bottom. The Nazis would then fire their submachine guns, shooting the people through the back of the head. Later, another portion of victims would be placed on top of the dead ones and killed in the same manner; it would be followed by others. After the ditch was full, the bodies would be doused with chlorinated lime and buried."

So that was where the middle son of the archpriest Varvariv sent women, children and elders caught during roundups. Witnesses recall that he tried to look and act like a Nazi in every way — with the uniform he wore, and with the cruelty and rude language he used in handling his fellow citizens. He had disowned the Ukrainian language and even signed his money receipts in German. Quite a few of such documents are currently preserved at the Rovno's Regional Archives. They testify that Kostyantyn Varvariv (Constantine Warwariw) was among the better-paid employees of the *Gebietskommissariat.* (Incidentally, the Reverend Vasyl saw to it that his children learned German long before WWII.)

It was thus Vasyl Varvariv and others of his ilk understood and carried out their duties toward the Third Reich — duties which Bishop Mstislav referred to, in a letter to a

nationalist functionary, as "reconstruction of Europe on the new principles."

There is a monument to victims of Nazism on Bila Street today. It reminds one of the hair-raising price that had to be paid for that "reconstruction." The legend, carved in granite, informs that the ground nearby was washed in the blood of 82,000 Soviet citizens.

The present Soviet generation holds sacred the memory of all those fallen prey to Nazism, and brands their murderers. The name of Kostyantyn Varvariv occupies a major place on the lists of such war criminals. (After WWII, he became a ranking US diplomatic officer. Nor did his criminal past prevent him from getting promoted as Deputy to the US Permanent Representative at UNESCO, and later as a subdivisional head at the US State Department, insofar as UNESCO affairs went.)

Just like his partners in the dirty business, Kostyantyn Varvariv preferred to leave behind no witnesses of his abominable deeds. Before he fled to the West, this character did his best to hide all tracks of his collaborationist activities, only he couldn't hide all of them. There are people in Rovno who remember the current American diplomat in an altogether different role — as a devout Nazi servant with gun in hand, drunken from being free to shed human blood, to torture and butcher defenseless civilians. There are numerous witnesses whose testimonies, along with archival documents, are a striking expose of the true identity of Kostyantyn Varvariv and the rest of his like. By refusing to

place him in the hands of Soviet justice, the US administration once again demonstrated how far apart its practical deeds and grandiloquent declarations about the protection of human rights actually are.

## Olga Savelyeva Returned Home

The war left unhealing wounds in the hearts of many thousands of mothers. Olga Savelyeva was no exception as the wound she had received was such that she thought she would never smile until her dying day, that she would never stop crying, or would ever be able to square her shoulders crooked with years...

Veronika, her daughter, was the only joy in her lonely life. The girl grew quickly, gaining in strength and that tender charms bestowed by the salad-days. It would not be long, Olga told herself, before her daughter got married, and then the house would ring with the silver voices of grandchildren...

Her plans and dreams were shattered by the one ruthless word: WAR! It sent a deadly echo over their home town of Yenakievo in the Donbas. Shortly after the Nazis came, Savelyeva's daughter was captured by the police. She and dozens of other girls were thrown in a boxcar, the door was sealed, and the only window turned out reinforced by barbed wire. The long train carrying young slave laborers set off on a long trip to a stran-

ge, alien land, into an unknown, sinister future. Veronika's mother ran after the speeding boxcar until she stumbled and fell, as the locomotive rattled on indifferently, leaving behind a trail of white steam that settled on the mother's hair in the first patches of gray.

What helped Olga Savelyeva to tide over those trying years was the woman's unshakable belief that her daughter was still alive, that she would somehow survive the war hurricane, and would eventually send word to her mother. Olga left the town and after long and arduous travels reached the village of Velyki Sady in Rovno Region. As the front line moved further to the West, the woman would not miss a day walking to the beaten road and staring in the faces of refugees trudging past on their way home. She sent letters of inquiries everywhere, trying to discover the daughter's whereabouts, but every time the reply was in the negative. As years passed, Olga Savelyeva found a new family in Velyki Sady. She was now a grandmother. She even found herself thinking that the time had finally come for her heart to regain quiet and joy. It was not that the old wound had healed completely. Simply she was no longer haunted by painful memories and dreams of her lost daughter.

And so she continued to live her life with its simple daily joys and concerns, until that fateful day when the postman brought her a letter in an envelope with foreign postage stamps. With shaking hands Olga opened it and pulled out a sheet of paper. The line at the top read, "Dearest Mother," but that was

as far as the old woman could read, because the world suddenly swam before her eyes and she had to grab the doorjamb to regain her ballance. Later, she read the letter over and over again before she understood that it was from her daughter.

Veronika wrote that she had survived the war, married a Ukrainian man in Germany, and that the two had subsequently emigrated to Australia. They had since managed not so badly, and had finally decided it was time they try and locate Veronika's mother.

From then on, letters began to arrive at the Ukrainian village. Those were answered by messages addressed to the distant Australian city of Brisbane. Veronika was increasingly persistent in inviting her mother over.

Olga Savelyeva spent many a sleepless night before she made up her mind. At her age, it was not easy to move even to live in a neighboring village, let alone travel across the world, to some fearfully remote, totally unfamiliar country.

But as the woman debated the problem her daughter's face appeared before her eyes with painful vividness. She had not forgotten her, and suddenly she told herself that she was longing to have somebody real close by her side, that she would have the closest of her kin in a strange land — and who could be closer than one's offspring? Would she ever forgive herself if she didn't make that trip?

Maternal love knows no bounds. It does create wonders sometimes. Olga Savelyeva wrote to her daughter in Australia that she was coming.

When on board the plane, the old woman peered through the porthole at the cities and countries she knew only from books, newspapers and films, as they flowed past, down below. After that, there were tiresome landings and takeoffs, but Olga patiently sat through all this until the final touchdown at Sydney Airport. The last minutes before she could get off the plane seemed to be the longest years in her life.

Mother and daughter stood in a tight embrace. Both were crying, unable to tear their eyes off each other's face. It took Olga a conscious effort to bring herself to recognize those precious small delicate features in the overweight youngish woman in front of her. Later, there were endless rows of buildings flashing past the car window. Olga was in Brisbane. It was here she was supposed to start a new life.

At first, there seemed no end to the visitors — fellow countrymen — all of whom were eager to know what was new in their native Ukraine, how people lived there, what they had accomplished, and what they could expect in the near future. They stayed until late in the night, and Olga became increasingly aware that both her daughter and son-in-law did not mind at all; what was more, it seemed increasingly difficult for the three of them to find a common language, in that they felt desperately out of touch with the old woman once they found themselves alone. It was not only because Olga Savelyeva was unaccustomed to constant talk about money, about such-and-such people having deposited

so much in a bank, or about someone else being unable to pay his tax bills, so that God only knew how he would make it. It was simply that there were two human beings who had once been the closest one to the other, who were no longer able to discuss topics of mutual interest.

More and more often, Veronika came from work, and after a casual hello to her mother, spent hours without exchanging another word with the old woman. Leon, her son-in-law, was much more communicative, but Olga Savelyeva knew what he would talk about almost the instant he opened his mouth. The man was possessed with the idea of starting his own retail store; he could discuss the topic for days on end.

This, however, was not what worried Olga Savelyeva the most. Eventually, she learned that the peaceful farmers frequenting her daughter's place and expressing, in such moving terms, their nostalgia had not left their native land of their own free will after all. One of the visitors, Fedir Porhun, was a Ukrainian Nazi policeman during WWII, and so was his father-in-law, Vsevolod Nikulin. He had a fight with his wife on one such "family occasion"; he even hit her, and the woman blurted out that he would better hold his temper, as those weren't the times when he could shoot 25 people and throw the bodies in the river.

Olga's son-in-law had also a notorious past record; he had served in the ranks of the *Waffen SS Division "Galizien"*, known among the Ukrainian nationalists as the *SS Halychy-*

*na Division*, formed by them to combat the Soviet Army.

People visiting Olga's daughter had been driven to Australia by their own treacherous deeds. They made no attempt to conceal their ingrained hatred of anything Soviet, including Ukraine and her people. Olga Savelyeva was no longer amused by their naked surprise, even disappointment, at hearing that she who had come from the Soviet Union did not look bad at all, and was decently dressed. Nor was she amazed at hearing them ask whether it was true that people could speak Ukrainian only in a whisper in Kiev, because they were not allowed to use the language openly. The old woman tried to convince them that all this was sheer nonsense; she did her best to tell her visitors as much; she tried to tell them the truth, but they simply refused to listen. Finally, she understood where all that distrust came from, after listening just once to the Reverend Shumsky, the trusted shepherd of the local Ukrainian community. In his sermons he grieved over Ukraine that allegedly lay "in rubble," and fed his flock piles of other malicious lies.

An ordinary woman, Olga Savelyeva did not know much about politics, still she unmistakably determined the kind of people she was dealing with. The longer she stayed with her daughter, the greater was her indignation. There they were, all those Ukrainian quislings who had helped the Nazi invaders abuse and plunder their native land, who had later fled across the ocean and bided their time there during all those trying years Uk-

raine was healing her gaping war wounds. All those worthless sellouts had morally crippled her daughter Veronika, alienating her forever from her own mother!

These thoughts proved to be deeper than Olga's maternal feelings and the day came when she had finally made up her mind.

The daughter listened to her decision with indifference.

When the plane landed in Moscow and she saw a small boy smile up at her as she walked down the ramp, Olga Savelyeva could not hold back her tears any longer. Weeping, the old woman realized that the child's smile and the friendly, sympathetic looks she received from passers-by were the first signs of welcome of her regained Motherland.

## Bakhova Hill

"Please, rise to meet the court!"

Dead silence reigned at the concert hall of the House of Culture in Volodymerets, District center of Rovno Region. As for the five characters sitting in the dock, they seemed to shrink, as though trying to hide from the angry eyes of the audience behind the wooden partition — hide from their criminal past which, as they well knew, would be presently unraveled in every disgusting detail before those in the hall. They knew that on the very first day of the hearings they and the audience would hear the words "Bakhova

Hill" — something they had all been afraid to say out loud during all those years.

One bright autumnal day, I got off the bus near an obelisk on the side of the road. The words carved in stone were laconic, yet brimming with wrath and grief: "Comrade, stop! Bow your head. Upon this site, a total of 2,500 Soviet citizens were tortured to death by the Nazi German aggressors in 1942. History shall neither forget nor forgive these barbarous crimes."

From that place a footpath cut through the young pines, leading uphill, to where the thick Polissya forest kept sad vigil over the eternal sleep of those inside the three common graves. Someone's loving hands had fenced them in and erected the simple monument...

In the course of postwar years, bits and pieces of information were gathered from the accounts of handful of surviving witnesses, in order to form a more or less detailed and accurate picture of what took place atop the Bakhova Hill late in the summer of 1942.

Volodymyr Panasiuk, Arsentiy Panasiuk, Ivan Palamarchuk, Olexiy Skybchyk, Heorhiy Palamarchuk — they were made to answer for their war crimes. When faced by a Soviet court and hundreds of fellow countrymen, they had to retrace every abominable, treasonous step they had made during the years of Nazi occupation.

...Franz Matus, chief of the Gendarmerie force at the settlement of Rafalivka, could hardly be referred to as a full-blooded Aryan. Outwardly he did not answer the standards

of the Nordic race, determined by the appropriate agencies of the Third Reich. Nevertheless, he made up for his physical inadequacy by his exemplary service record, the more so that his duties did not call for much physical, let alone mental exertion on his part. He had to be a diligent executor, which he was, every inch of it! All of the grandiose plans and ideas conceived at the Chief Imperial Security Department, the Ministry for Occupied Eastern Territories, and the agencies under Director General for Use of Labor Force, reached the Gendarmerie of Rafalivka in the form of precise, clearly formulated orders or instructions which Franz Matus had to implement to a decision.

It was true, however, that Matus' responsibilities had their own essential shortcomings. Thus, the populace stubbornly resisted all initiatives and actions on the part of occupation authorities. Rather than voluntarily send their sons and daughters for slave labor in the Third Reich, they hid them in nearby forests and were in no hurry to supply food and warm clothes to the *Wehrmacht* freezing in their ersatz *valenki* (felt boots, in this case made of straw) amidst the snow-covered fields near Moscow. More importantly, the partisans were getting increasingly aggressive, and they were in every way assisted by local inhabitants. More and more often, *Herr* Matus gave his subordinates rough dressings down and raged and thundered at the District police.

Some police it was! If he had the right, he would have long, and single-handedly shot all

that Slavic scum! After all, wasn't it laid down in the canons of Nazi ideology that the privilige of inhabiting the Eastern expanses rested only with the German nation? Didn't the *Führer* make it clear in his *Mein Kampf* that those who weren't part of the superior race were *Untermenschen?* And *Herr* Matus wouldn't dare doubt a single word of this book, even in his dreams.

But there he was, having not only to put up with that scum, but also to cooperate with them. Besides, those policemen did know the local terrain, the populace and their folkways, and they had a better nose for troublemakers than the superior-trained German shepherds! After Petro Rybachevsky, a man of energy and without Slavic spinelessness, was appointed as Police Commandant his men began to combine routine lootings and physical abuses of their victims with "operations" that proved greater in scope and before long won them their masters' approval...

What made them join the Nazi police and wear the *Schutzpolizei* armband, this unmistakable sign of treason?

During the trial, the defendants gave explanations that were anything but original. One stated he hadn't given it enough thought at the time; another declared he had wanted to assist the authorities in maintaining "law and order," and in their struggle against "criminal elements"; others had allegedly presumed that the newly organized police force would be responsible for "putting out fires."

The defendants made these statements without much hope that the court would believe them. Among other things, the prosecution supplied a detailed account of a gathering that had taken place in Rafalivka in 1941 — something the defendants were loath to recall.

On that occasion, they had been addressed by Potasiuk and Vasylkiv, members of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN). Perhaps the grandiloquence of the unexpected visitors did not fit particularly well into the prosaic atmosphere of the pigsty in which the meeting was held. Still, what they had to say was quite clear and expressed in no uncertain words:

"Ukraine has been liberated by the *Führer's* soldiers, so we must all assist the Germans in their struggle against the communists, Poles and Jews."

The nationalist speakers used the pronoun "all" which was a farfetched generalization, since most local inhabitants recoiled from the nationalist emissaries with undisguised repulsion. Only a handful of haint-hearted and inherently treacherous characters jointed the Nazi police.

As for the nature of their activities, it is well illustrated by the beginning of the functioning of the Ukrainian Nazi police precinct at the village of Zabolottya. Its first "accomplishment" was the arrest of Ivan Skybchyk, chairman of Village Soviet. Among those who subjected the young villager to blood-curdling tortures was Skybchyk, a man bearing the same name, "secretary" of the po-

lice (who three decades later would face a Soviet court of law, to answer for his past atrocities).

Volodymyr Panasiuk acted in very much the same manner. People quickly forgot his street nickname, *Vladek-Noval*, and came to know him as *Hangman*. A well-deserved appellation it was, it fitted in so well with the rest of the characters on the police force of Rafalivka. Day and night, they rummaged about villages, spying out Soviet patriots, reporting on them to the Gendarmerie and Gestapo. Doomed were those who found themselves suspected of contacts with partisans, as well as of disobedience toward the occupation authorities, of even so little as an impolite word in the address of the Nazis and their henchmen.

Quite a few of those gathered in the courtroom had once suffered at the hands of the defendants. The court heard dozens of testimonies that made the characters in the dock break out in cold sweat. Their hands, those same paws that had once beat and murdered their victims, were now trembling, feverishly turning pages of notes made ready for the hearing.

All of them were given every opportunity to defend themselves in accordance with the Soviet legislation. They had been able to scrutinize literally every line in the numerous volumes of their criminal cases. And still, all of them realized that their legal defenses would turn out futile when challenged with the multitude of war-criminal charges brought against them and backed up with

irrefutable evidence accumulated during the long pretrial inquest.

There he stood, facing his former torturers. Yosip Svydryk, resident of the village of Sukhovolya. He had been apprehended by a group of policemen, among them Volodymyr and Arsentiy Panasiuk. They began by beating him, putting into it their sadistic hearts and professional know-how. Later, on the way to Rafalivka, they had several times hanged him up on trees, faking an execution. At the precinct, they caned his heels and pinched his fingers in the door until blood showed. Finally convinced that their victim knew nothing of value to them, the policemen thrown him out of the building. Yosip Svydryk hadn't been able to get to his feet unaided. Be as it may, he was lucky to find himself outside the precinct.

No one knows what happened to Nychypor Chevzhik, resident of the village of Krymne. The police suspected he had contacts with partisans. They arrested him, and as he was being escorted to Rafalivka, there was fire raging in the village behind. Ivan Palamarchuk, who had set Shevzhik's home on fire, had laughed, smashing the windows with the butt of his rifle, "There, that'll make it burn even better!"

Yet another witness could have testified during the trial — Yevtukh Myslyvets, resident of the village of Haluziya. The Ukrainian Nazi policemen had "visited" his place several times in order to arrest him; he was on their lists of suspected partisan contacts. Eventually, Myslyvets had been spied out. In

a desperate attempt to escape, the man jumped headlong through the window and broke into a run, heading for the forest. Rybachevsky, Police Commandant, and his subordinates Volodymyr Panasiuk and Ivan Palamarchuk opened fire. The fugitive's white shirt was a good target against the green of the brush. One of the bullets hit home and Myslyvets fell as his wife was wringing her hands in the yard of their home, their little daughter crying herself blind watching the tragedy.

Dozens of rural residents, arrested by the Ukrainian Nazi police, were reported missing, and there was no doubt in the minds of the court and the audience that the defendants had practically all had a hand in those atrocious acts, too.

Heorhiy Palamarchuk bent his head even lower while listening to the testimonies of Onufriy Denysiuk and Anastasia Pashko. Both witnesses spoke of the lamentations and shrieks they had heard on that summer day at the village of Varash. The police raided the village, pulling young men and women out of their hiding places in the garrets, basements, gardens and haystacks, and forcing them on board of boxcars which were then sealed and shipped off to the Third Reich.

They woke Onufriy Denysiuk with a brutal rifle butt shove. Cynically, Heorhiy Palamarchuk humiliated and physically abused the young man who was his coeval, and with whom they had only recently studied at the same school. He beat him with a rubber stick, leaving traces on his body that would remain until his dying day. It was then Onuf-

riy Denysiuk, a young man from Polissya, was forced to embark upon a long, torturous road as a Nazi serf. He was destined to suffer through the rounds of Nazi Hell. He was a prisoner at Dachau where a bullet or a place in a "death team" sent to the gas chamber was part of the daily routine.

Anastasia Pashko had been luckier, fleeing the police and hiding in the underbrush on the river bank. The frustrated policemen had, however, grabbed her father, a WWI veteran who had sustained a serious wound in action. They tied him to a cart and forced him to walk for many a mile. Now and then the old invalid would fall, but the policemen would rouse him with their rifle butts and make him trudge on, for such had been Ivan Palamarchuk's explicit instructions.

Any of the aforementioned atrocities sufficed for a ruthless and well-deserved legal retribution. Still, the darkest entry in the life stories of the traitorous characters under trial remained to be entered still. The dramatic revelation was foretold by the two words being increasingly often repeated in the courtroom: "Bakhova Hill..."

The Nazis set up a Jewish ghetto in Rafalivka in the summer of 1942. They herded hundreds of people there and sorted through the inmates, picking candidates for extermination.

An insignificant part of the devilish Nazi plan for a "final settlement of the Jewish problem," the task was assigned to *SS Obersturmbannführer* Adolf Eichmann who sat somewhere in the labyrinth of the Imperial

Security Administration on *Prinzalbertsrasse* St. in Berlin. Clause 4 of the Nazi Party Program, specifying that German citizenship could be only granted people representing the Aryan race, was being translated into life in the form of concrete, large-scale undertakings.

Franz Matus did not like to bother his head with such theories and abstract notions. Nor was he especially interested in what was going on beyond the territory placed under his control. Here was yet another assignment which he had to carry out to the best of knowledge and ability, within the shortest possible period, which would serve as an extra evidence of his reputation as an efficient and conscientious serviceman.

To begin with (as instructions demanded), he had the Jews assembled on a specially indicated site, in the vicinity of Rafalivka. Awaiting further directives, Matus, Rybachevsky and their subordinates did their utmost to make the life of the ghetto inmates so miserable that the latter would not regret parting with their own life. The captives, young and old, both strong and ailing, were jammed into several dozens of buildings. Cooped up so they could hardly breathe, these victims were forbidden to step outside the ghetto on pain of death. Only several streets were open for them, but even there they had to walk in the middle of the passage. All had to wear yellow disks sown on their backs and the upper left side of the outer garment. Apart from everything else, this helped Nazi thugs take a better aim and gun down a victim

in an "attempted escape" which was the favorite and legally justified Nazi homicidal technique.

Three days prior to the execution, the doomed could see that their guards were reinforced. Round-the-clock police details were posted out, surrounding Rafalivka. No one could enter or leave the village without permission.

Policemen carried out their duties with marked diligence. They knew that all those people were doomed. Still, they hid the truth from them, because they wanted to avoid disobedience, attempted escapes, and other such unwanted occurrences.

It was a base inhuman project, and yet the Nazi police and the Gendarmerie proved effectively assisted by the *Judenrat* — Ghetto Council. Together with the rabbies, its members urged the Jewish inmates to demonstrate obedience, and quelled their worries with soothtalk about the future transfer to "better" localities, so their long-suffering flesh and soul could finally enjoy the dreamed-of peace and quiet. Still, when such verbiage could not produce the desired effect, the ghetto's Jewish *Ordnungpolizei* ("Police of Order") stepped in and disciplined the disobedient, because they were careful to comply with all Nazi instructions.

Indeed, *Herr* Matus had every reason to be pleased with the activities of the *Judenrat* and its Chairman, Liesnik by name. Liesnik did his best to calm the disturbed community, saying there was nothing to worry about, and that he, Liesnik, would pay a visit to the

*Gebietskommissariat* to settle the problems.

Alas, that false soothtalk did have its adverse effect. There were practically no escapes from the ghetto, just as all inmates considered it their duty to report for the *appel,* daily Nazi roll call.

The situation remained the same on that fateful day in August 1942, when the doors of ghetto homes shook and windows disintegrated under the heavy blows of rifle butts. All Jews were ordered outside. They obeyed and, carrying hastily made bundles of their possessions, assembled on Market Square. That day they saw German trucks parked there. Even then some were inclined to believe the *Judenrat.* They told themselves that it was indeed some sort of resettlement organized by the Nazi authorities — otherwise why should they instruct them to gather there with valuable belongings?

Even those who knew the morbid truth could no longer do anything about it, because hunger and epidemics had taken their toll; the poor things could hardly move their limbs. Some were so weak they had to be carted to the square. How could any of them try to escape, let alone resist the butchers?

A handful did manage to hide, but not for long. The fact remained, however, that one would have a hard time trying to find members of the ill-famed *Judenrat* among those being herded to the site of execution, because those at the top of the Jewish Council had made themselves scarce after sacrificing to the Nazi monster hundreds of fellow countrymen they had deceived.

The sun was mercilessly beating down on the victims, but the Germans and policemen were in no hurry. Finally, a short command was barked in German and the rabbis addressed their flock. Once again they admonished the faithful that they must abide the authorities and by no means resist them, for they had to accept the punishment meted out to them in retaliation for the sins of the Jewish people.

A long column of captives was moving through village streets. Silently Rafalivka residents watched it through their windows (they had been ordered to stay indoors on pain of death). They knew quite a few of those trudging now past their homes on their way to death. For long years they had lived side by side with them, in friendship and accord. Only a handful of traitors had emerged out of the entire community to voluntarily assist the Nazis in their monstrous schemes. Just as Volodymyr and Arsentiy Panasiuks, Ivan and Heorhiy Palamarchuks, together with other policemen and gendarmes, were herding the Jews to their Calvary, the deserted Jewish homes were being ransacked by Olexiy Skrybchyk who was anything but averse to calling someone's property his own.

Had the road from the village to the Bakhova Hill been able to speak, it would have told a heart-rending story about the rivers of human tears that washed its every stone on that horrible day. As the victims approached the ditches and saw the machine-guns in front, some mustered up their last desperate strength and broke into a run to the forest.

Only three made it there. One of the survivors was Berko Baril. Wounded in the arm, he was hidden by Ukrainian villagers.

Now he was present in the courtroom as a witness for the prosecution. The testimony he made was for his wife and three little children sleeping the eternal sleep on Bakhova Hill, also for all those who had found the last respite in that spot in the land of Polissya.

Franz Matus made an excellent job of the shooting. He organized a death conveyor belt which operated with a flawless efficiency, in accordance with a strictly observed timetable. Victims climbed down the ditch by a specially made incline. Waiting down there were the executioners, stripped to the waist. Methodically, people were shot through the back of the head; 15 to 20 human lives were thus brutally cut short every 3-4 minutes. After another row of bodies was thus laid out, the Nazis and policemen climbed out of the ditch to enjoy a shot of *schnaps* and a smoke, while the corpses were being covered by a thin layer of earth. Needless to say, they were careful to wash their hands first. Hygiene was strictly observed by the hangmen.

Some of the policemen stayed in the village during the massacre. They went over the houses hunting after the hiding fugitives...

As soon as Olexiy Skrybchyk reached the site of execution, he proceeded to see that every victim taking turns to be shot stripped and left behind all personal effects. The man was in charge of the "economic" part of the mission and had to submit the loot to a warehouse, set up in Rafalivka for the purpose.

From then on, the victims' footwear, clothes and other belongings would become the Third Reich's property.

The same routine was followed on the first and second day of the execution. Now and then, the Nazis would allow themselves a magnanimous gesture toward their zealous Ukrainian police assistants, letting them have an extra shot or two of *schnaps* in between the shootings.

A total of 2,500 civilians were executed on the top of Bakhova Hill during that period. However, shots were still heard in Rafalivka and nearby villages after the massacre, as the last of the fugitives were being finished off. Those were starved, sick and utterly exhausted humans. Police search parties found them an easy prey, turning a deaf ear to begging mothers and children stretching their tiny imploring hands.

During the trial, it was proved beyond reasonable doubt that Volodymyr Panasiuk had indeed been personally involved in the killing of six such fugitives. Authentic statements, supplied by forensic medical experts supervising the exhumation and later carefully examining the victims' remains, made it clear that there were children among the slaughtered people, and that the younger ones of them had been first exposed to brutal physical abuse, and then shot point-blank...

For both the Nazis and policemen, all this had been part of their daily routine. Olexiy Skrybchyk, for example, used to repeat phrases like, "I went to work..." and "I got back from work..." when testifying before the co-

urt. Volodymyr Panasiuk had returned after yet another "shooting session" and boastfully jingled the gold coins in his pocket, saying, "A good job, wasn't it?"

Service in the Ukrainian Nazi police had placed each and everyone of them on the edge of the precipice of treason and human baseness, while the Bakhova Hill massacre came as a logical continuation of their road in life so they would no longer experience pangs of conscience. Small wonder, therefore, that the nationalist Panasiuk, a district OUN functionary acting under the alias *Khmil* should make up his mind to reinforce one of his gangs with Rafalivka policemen in the winter of 1943. Others were instructed to continue serving the Nazis while maintaining close contact with the local nationalists, keeping them supplied with weapons and food.

Before long, however, the paths of these fratricidal "comrades in arms" branched off. Volodymyr Panasiuk found himself transferred to the Ukrainian Nazi police force stationed in Rovno, eventually to be promoted as "senior agent." After Ukraine was liberated by Soviet forces, he fled to the West, in the wake of the retreating *Wehrmacht*. In Nazi-occupied Poland, he was entrusted with guarding military targets, and took part in the construction of several fortification projects.

Other nationalists — those who would, decades later, face a Soviet court of law — followed suit and remained faithful servants of the Nazis until the downfall of the "millennial" Third Reich. These characters, however, succeeded in disguising themselves as "good

solid citizens." As for Arsentiy Panasiuk, he managed to find his way into the active, top-level membership of a Pentecostal sect. There he prayed to Our Lord with as much zeal as he had served the Satan clad in a Nazi uniform.

The trial over the five former Ukrainian Nazi policemen lasted three weeks. All the while the court received letters from private persons and groups of citizens, also resolutions of rallies and meetings, in which the working people of Rovno Region demanded that the sellouts be meted out a just retribution. Those letters were signed by workers, collective farmers, students, schoolteachers, war veterans, young people. After the verdict was announced, it was met with applause.

Such was the reaction of those many of whom had lived through the horrors of the Nazi "new order" and sustained the entire burden of the formidable war years. They cheered the verdict because they did not want the holocaust to repeat itself — now in a new, even more horrendous form — and affect their children and posterity.

As soon as the echo of past events on Bakhova Hill reached across the ocean, the OUN periodicals in Canada became wet with tears — only those were not tears shed over thousands upon thousands of innocent victims who had died at the hands of the Nazis and their nationalist henchmen. The authors of those articles and commentaries once again followed their well-trodden path, laying themselves out to convince the reader that the trial in Volodymerets was a "fixed" one, me-

ant to "discredit the Ukrainians in the world public eye.'"

True, the emigre newspaper editors must have realized that their hacks had got carried away in coming out with the above formulation; promptly, they shifted from "global" terminology and made a rather characteristic "specification" to the effect that the said trial was designed to discredit the Ukrainians in the eyes of the Jews — precisely at a time when the relations between them had registered a "positive shift."

Needless to say, the nationalist periodicals did not have in mind the Ukrainians or Jews in the Soviet Union, whose friendship requires no meddling on the part of all those self-styled "champions" or "defenders." The range of their sympathies and likings is to be found in an altogether different realm; to them, a standard Ukrainian is one who has served in the ranks of *Waffen SS Division "Galizien"* (a combat unit formed by the Ukrainian nationalists during WWII to assist the *Wehrmacht* and Nazi "punitive" missions) as well as in the ranks of the ill-reputed "Ukrainian Insurgent Army" that went down in history as so many bloodthirsty thugs imputed of atrocious deeds against the civilian populace. Likewise, the aggressive Israeli General Moshe Dayan, and top-notch terrorist Meir Cahane were to be regarded as "ideal Jews."

In fact, the nationalist emigres do not even try to conceal the fact. Back in June 1967, their most zealous activists organized manifestations celebrating the "Sinai Lion" Moshe

Dayan. It was then the nationalist weekly *Ukrainske Slovo* (Paris, France) carried three telegrams addressed by leaders of nationalist organizations to Israel Eshkol, then Prime Minister, as well as to the Israeli Ambassador in France. Among other things, those impassioned messages read that Israel should be accepted as the life-giving fire of Western civilization in the Middle East, because that country was called upon to carry out a mission serving the good of other peoples of that part of the world.

*Ukrainske Slovo* is the organ of the so-called Melnykites — a Ukrainian nationalist emigre faction in the West. Still, the above concept would be eagerly endorsed by the Banderite, and all the other OUN groups and factions. To all of them, such messages are something they have long grown accustomed to. In fact, they could well use, after a bit of editing, any of their past faithful messages addressed to Adolf Hitler, because even at that time their terminology was abundant in phrases like "fire of civilization," "spectacular victories," "historic mission," etc.

In order to be furthered, this alliance demanded large-scale ideological support. It was not all that simple to persuade millions of working Jews that there were "sound" reasons behind that "touching" rapprochement between Zionists and all those preaching what could only be described as pathological anti-Semitism, who did their utmost to facilitate the "final settlement of the Jewish problem." It was then the nationalist hacks stepped in as troubleshooters. With an

envious promptness, they responded to any public mention of OUN involvement in the killings of Jews during WWII with vociferous protests — they must have forgotten the old truth that guilty conscience betrays itself!

The same was true of the hearings in Volodymerets. OUN leaders agreed that the exposure of additional facts throwing light on the Nazi punitive activities of all those "champions of our independent Ukraine" had come as a most unfortunate, "premature" occurrence. It was indeed a fly in the ointment of what was getting to be a honeymoon of friendship between the Ukrainian nationalists and Zionists, Israeli aggressors, and all those "comrades-in-spirit" from the Jewish Defense League!

Hard facts, however, are known to have always been a real pain in the neck of whoever tried to refute them. The trial over the former Ukrainian Nazi policemen from Rafalivka was merely another drop in an ocean of such facts, because history knows hundreds of other, as eloquent cases of collaboration between the Ukrainian nationalists and the Nazi intruders. Thus, it has been presently ascertained beyond reasonable doubt, and proved with the aid of archival documents, that the first action of Borovets (nationalist alias: *Taras Bulba*), who ranked among the most noticeable nationalist higher-ups at the period, was the extermination of Jews at the township of Olevsk (Zhitomir Region). The nationalist *otaman* had been generally known as a rather cunning and resourceful character; only on that particular occasion he had

allowed himself to be photographed, together with his subordinates, before the start of the "punitive mission." The picture shows them with smiles on their lips, posing in their short sleeves under an arch displaying a swastika intertwined with the *tryzub* (trident) nationalist symbol, and the slogan: "Glory to the German Army!" This photo fell into the hands of competent Soviet authorities and became yet another irrefutable evidence of war crimes perpetrated by those nationalist circles that assisted Adolf Hitler on the basis of "quiet understanding" (an expression borrowed from captured top-secret documents).

There is yet another quite descriptive example. It concerns the former Ukrainian Nazi District Police Chief Sihalenko, quartered in the township of Dubrovytsia (Rovno Region). Years later, it transpired that the man was actually a Jew whose real name was *Chaim Siegall.* After the war he entered a Jewish community in West Berlin and took up black marketeering. Eventually, the onetime "Ukrainian" Nazi policeman found himself in front of a Soviet court of law. The hearings proved beyond all doubt that the defendant had with matching ease and skill shed the blood of his Ukrainian, Russian, Polish, and Jewish victims.

Such was the credo of all those others who licked the Nazi boot and acted on orders from the occupiers, adding to their war crime records. This credo was clearly defined by Yaroslav Stetsko and other members of the nationalist "administration," proclaimed in Nazi-occupied Lviv on June 30, 1941: "The Uk-

rainian State will closely collaborate with Great National-Socialist Germany which, under the leadership of its Führer Adolf Hitler, will establish a new order in Europe and the world."

A statement that requires little, if any, comment. Still, those at the head of nationalist emigre organizations, and their media, do not seem to have learned anything new from such historical evidence. If one were to follow their logic, one would arrive at the conclusion that the good name of the Ukrainian nation was not smeared by the nationalist turncoats trying to sell their own people out by retail and wholesale means; today, these characters are once again calling for "combined efforts" in their slanderous campaign against what they refer to as "defamation of Ukraine and Ukrainian Americans" — against all those who do not hesitate to publicly expose the OUN's criminal activities during WWII and demand that those who then managed to evade justice be detected and punished in a just manner.

Such "champions for independent Ukraine" even try to build a platform under their pompous slogans. While siding with other sellouts — nationalist emigres from the Baltic Republics and other regions of the USSR — they press the US authorities for rejecting Soviet documented evidence concerning war crimes. They do so knowing that most wartime atrocities were perpetrated on Soviet territories and the Soviet nations have, of course, the biggest account to settle with the traitors.

Taking advantage of the worsening international situation, the nationalist upper echelons went even further than that when they demanded from the US Senate a revision of the activities of the Office of Special Investigations under the Justice Department. This office was established in 1979, in response to an extensive public campaign; it was designed to conduct investigations into the cases of Nazi and other war criminals who had found refuge in the United States. To date, its accomplishments are rather modest; still, they are a pain in the neck of the arrogant OUN functionaries and their media.

Clearly, the trend of whitewashing the criminal past of the nationalists is still there. They cannot remain quiet, because they are afraid of the truth, so they lay themselves out to conceal it from the broad circles of Ukrainian emigration, primarily from the younger generation. At least, such is the opinion of the progressive Ukrainian American newspaper *Ukrainski Visti* (New York) in relation to the actual target of the ongoing provocative nationalist campaign. Without doubt, this opinion is accurate and well-grounded.

History itself has wholly and thoroughly refuted everything written by the nationalist hacks during the past war. The same is bound to happen to whatever is carried by the OUN periodicals today, because these dirty rags are "blood brothers" of all those Ukrainian Nazi editions.

## Following the Traitor's Path

On August 19, 1983, the Polish security police arrested Irene Zelena, a French citizen, in the city of *Bytom*. In fact, she was caught in the act of giving a Soviet citizen espionage instructions, a sum of money, and microfilms. Outwardly an ordinary tourist, she turned out to be a secret emissary of the Western subversive centers — the Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations (ABN), and the Foreign Branches of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (FB OUN).

Yaroslav Stetsko, a rather notorious nationalist figure at the head of both these outfits, was used to such failures, but even he was probably stunned to realize that quite a "promising contact channel" he had employed for years, and in which he had placed some far-reaching hopes and schemes, turned out an absolute fake. The fact remains, however, that it was anything but fake, in that it helped Stetsko's opponents "on the other side" reveal new important details adding to the actual identity of those who did their utmost to conceal it behind bombastic slogans and declarations.

All this was exposed to Soviet and foreign journalists during a news conference held in Kiev under the auspices of the Ukrainian SSR Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Board of the Journalists' Union of Ukraine. Those present heard an extremely interesting account related by Mikhailo Kukhtyak, a staff worker of the Ivano-Frankivsk Medical Insti-

tute who had personally dealt with Yaroslav Stetsko and his people...

The nationalists got in touch with him using an old, well-tried technique — through his relatives whom fate had brought to Canada and the US, and left there. At first, there were strangers visiting from abroad, who "dropped in" to leave a word of greetings and a souvenir or two from his close and dear ones now living across the ocean; also they wanted to have a friendly chat on this or that subject.

Only later did Mikhailo Kukhtyak realize that behind those "casual visits" and souvenirs and friendly chats was a most definite, provocative purpose. By that time, however, the foreign nationalist centers had accepted him as their adherent and assistant, and had even given him the code name of *Orest*. As was to be expected, compliments and "friendly chats" were followed by ambiguous words of "good advice" that grew less and less ambiguous, until they became concrete recommendations and direct instructions. At first, Kukhtyak was told to look for and collect anti-Soviet *samizdat* printed matters.

This, however, proved a mere "warming-up session." Kukhtyak realized it after receiving a bulky suitcase which, apart from an assortment of Western clothes, turned out to contain 12 secret compartments stuffed with unmistakably espionage paraphernalia — two thousand dollars, endorsed resolutions of the 4th and 5th OUN Grand Assembly, and other anti-Soviet literature.

The OUN leaders, used to the concept that everything and everybody had a price in this

world, especially when this price could be paid in hard cash (after all, hadn't they sold themselves to their present masters, by wholesale and retail means, in their time?), were confident that Orest was one of them, so they acted accordingly. A certain Yuri Bogdanivsky (possibly none else than Yaroslav Stetsko) sent Mikhailo Kukhtyak a long letter in which he began by discussing what he thought was the main point — money. There had been a special "Ukrainian Defense Fund" set up, he wrote, which was expected to reach one million dollars. He was careful to add that the fund was a "domestic" ("internal") one, hinting that if one tried hard enough, one would get a pretty little something out of it, too.

The nationalist experts on the "human factor," however, overlooked what proved the decisive circumstance — namely that Mikhailo Kukhtyak, being a Soviet citizen, possessed an altogether different conception of cultural value. Born into a peasant family, raised during Soviet times, he had received a higher education thanks to the Soviet government. He never hesitated in refusing to sell his conscience, his Motherland, his pride and honor — all that which is held the dearest by every Soviet citizen. He turned for help to the State Security authorities, and became a participant in a counterintelligence mission which would not only frustrate the OUN's malicious plans but also once again expose the actual identity of Yaroslav Stetsko and those of his ilk.

But what were those "favors" Kukhtyak's

"good friends" across the ocean expected from him?

During the press conference, Mikhailo Kukhtyak told the journalists: "Bogdanivsky thought that they had completely bought me over to their side, so after he promised me I would get something out of the Banderite OUN Fund, he proceeded to demand concrete actions from me, for which I would be paid in dollars. At the beginning of his message, he assured me that all my rivals abroad were good for nothing, and that I had only to support the Banderites within the OUN. He wanted a brief statement from me, in support of the Banderite nationalist faction. He further wrote that, when composing this statement, I could follow some of the formulations contained in the (enclosed) resolution of Western Banderite centers, and that I should sign it on behalf of some 'local OUN leadership,' or for example, 'Ukrainian National Defense Front,' or still in any other way I should consider 'expedient.' "

In other words, Stetsko wanted Kukhtyak to use his own discretion, provided he did what the nationalists thought was necessary. It was further suggested that Kukthyak make all that known to the West via Moscow-accredited correspondents, or by letters addressed to Western newspapers and/or magazines. Among the possible addressees were the names of Ralph Porter and David Skwortz, members of the Advance Group of the US Consulate General quartered in Kiev, the Ukrainian SSR.

It was thus that the facts meticulously hid-

den from the public eye by the US special agencies became common knowledge in the West — namely that certain diplomats and journalists were used by these clandestine outfits as a convenient "front" for conducting espionage, subversive activities.

There was yet another important detail revealed — something which the "revolutionary" leaders of the ABN and OUN (as Yaroslav Stetsko and his associates prefer to identify themselves) had tried so hard to conceal under unrestrained demagoguery. It was, and is still, vital for them all to have every Western clandestine agency to believe that he, Stetsko, and other nationalists of his caliber, are the only people these agencies should hold in trust, and correspondingly, keep them on their better expense accounts. Getting somebody "from the terrain" (i. e. from Ukraine) involved in that dirty game — especially being able to list that "somebody" as a nationalist adherent — had always been their most cherished dream, a trump- card they would surely know how to play best. It did not bother them at all to know that all those "local OUN leaderships" and "Ukrainian Defense Fronts" existed only in their imagination, fabricated by bourgeois nationalist ideologues. One or two lies more — did it make any difference for those unscrupulous politicos who had been previously publicly exposed on more than one occasion?

As head of the OUN (Bandera trend), Yaroslav Stetsko is primarily concerned with elbowing his way through to Uncle Sam's moneybags, getting there ahead of his old ri-

vals and inveterate enemies, the Melnykites.

Stetsko was enraptured by the whole Kukhtyak project; he began to communicate with him personally, and even signed the letters with his personal alias — Rizbyar ("Woodcarver"). It was Stetsko that entrusted Kukhtyak with getting compromising information in regard to the past activities of such Melnykite functionaries as Dmytro Furmanets and Mykola Plaviuk, head of the OUN (Melnyk trend), President of the so-called World Congress of Free Ukrainians (WCFU). "His OUN alias is Znedoleny (Unfortunate)," he wrote maliciously in a letter to Kukhtyak, "and you can trust me to do my best to have Lady Fate turn her back on him and never show her smiling face, until his dying day!"

Such compromising data, in relation to the Melnykites, should be conveyed (Mikhailo Kukhtyak was so instructed) on behalf of either the nonexistent "local OUN leadership" or any other fabricated nationalist underground resistance group, and that every such message should contain a demand, in no uncertain terms, that the Melnykites be removed from their key positions within the Western nationalist centers. Eventually, Stetsko's wife began corresponding with Mikhailo Kukhtyak, too. Both stressed that the Melnyk faction of the OUN should be recognized as unreliable and subject to liquidation. Further, the spouses magnanimously let it be known to Kukhtyak that they had "reliable contacts" within Melnykite bodies, and that those people kept them supplied with important data.

From his confidential correspondence with the nationalists, Kukhtyak learned that the Banderites had quite a dim view of the World Congress of Free Ukrainians, which they had been planning to bring under their control, and of other groups and factions with which they refused to share the hard cash handed out to them by their present masters.

During the press conference in Kiev, Mikhailo Kukhtyak read out a passage from a letter he had received from the nationalists, concerning the WCFU: "It is a public center, whose task consists in coordinating the emigre public and cultural affairs, and not ones pertaining to our external representations... There exist political bodies, founded specially to attend to such matters, particularly our OUN, which has accumulated the greatest experience along these lines. Therefore, we would appreciate receiving an appropriate statement, on behalf of the local OUN representatives, to the effect that the OUN leadership is thereby authorized to act in the name of the warring Ukraine, to represent her interests."

The mythical "letters from the native land" were needed by Yaroslav Stetsko as yet another opportunity for his outfit to receive the status of an "observing member" of the United Nations. Over the past few years he has cherished the idea of forming a "third political force" in the United States, formed from among onetime citizens of socialist countries.

Such are, in short, the current plans of this hardened war criminal, former Nazi *Abwehr*

agent, "Prime Minister" of the puppet "Ukrainian administration" at the start of the *Wehrmacht* onslaught, branded with lasting memories of zealous collaboration with Hitler's Third Reich. At one time, Yaroslav Stetsko was considered an odious figure, so much so that he was forbidden entrance in the US — only not for long, because the American authorities, pressed hard by clandestine agencies, allowed to have him inside their country. What was more, he became one of the men at the "in" level.

Yaroslav Stetsko has always been careful to speak and act to please his bosses. Eventually, he found himself firmly seated in the same boat with the good old cold-war-mongers, so that now he is all out to steer her along her deadly course. At the latest OUN "Grand Assembly," Stetsko declared that "there is no other alternative for NATO... except waging a limited nuclear war." He went on to urge the Western emigre communities to foster the military spirit within their younger adherents, and teach them how to kill fellow humans. Viciously, he attacked those "afraid of another bloodshed," which was exactly in the manner of the "hawks" and "gorillas" from the militaristic zoo across the ocean. His current employers watch the stunts of their puppet with approval, because behind his back stand all those powerful spy centers, supplying the Banderites with instructions and questionnaires whose contents leave no doubt as to their meaning: gathering military and economic intelligence in Ukraine, studying the effectiveness of Western

broadcasts, spreading anti-Soviet rumors and anonymous declarations. It was on their instructions that Stetsko sent his emissaries to Poland where *Solidarity* was then raising its head; made long, tiring trips in order to attend to the preparation of guerilla thugs to be slipped across Afghanistan's border (for such missions his experience as a Banderite expert hangman came in especially handy!).

Several years ago, Yaroslav Stetsko had to interrupt his stay in Pakistan and fly to London to brief his personal agent before dispatching him to Ukraine. At the time, he could not possibly know that the mission was not even worth the cost of the two-way-ticket, even less so that Kukhtyak would get him in an awful mess.

This Ukrainian nationalist claimant to a Napoleonic title never realized that he was playing a losing game, and that Orest, his trump-card, had been beaten from the start of the game. As had happened on more than one occasion previously, it came as yet another OUN falsification which burst like a soap bubble, once again exposing the entire repulsive identity of those masterminding the whole project — characters without a homeland or sense of human dignity and honor.

## False Pretenses and Bitter Consequences

He clasped his hands and pressed them tight between his knees. A bearded man of medium height, wearing a pair of faded jeens,

and a striped sweater, he produced his travelling papers for examination by customs authorities. Shortly afterward, he was on a train racing from Kiev to the West. The visit of Yuri Tkach, an Australian tourist, to the USSR had ended earlier than scheduled, and by no means of his own accord...

It was not Tkach's first trip to the Soviet Union. This Australian citizen had visited here before — in 1976, and in 1978. His last trip took place in 1985.

As a tourist, Yuri Tkach seemed to follow the usual pattern: exploring historical and cultural sites, museums, taking pictures of unique structures and scenic landscapes. A literary translator, he took professional interest in modern Ukrainian literature, even selected a number of works to be published and advertised in the English-speaking West.

It was thus Yuri Tkach described the purpose of his rather frequent visits to Ukraine — but here one should treat these explanations with quite some reservation. In actuality, this tourist from Melbourne turned out something like a double-bottom suitcase, commonly ascribed to smugglers, except that his contraband proved of an altogether different, special nature.

Yuri Tkach willingly accepted the role of an expert and propagator in the sphere of Ukrainian folkways, culture and literature. He agreed that it was a rather convenient cover, in that it would help him win the confidence of a number of citizens, encourage them to confide in him during friendly chats, so he could eventually direct such "free ex-

changes of ideas" along the lines he needed. True, some of the people Yuri Tkach talked to felt he was anything but the ordinary Australian tourist he pretended to be.

He got in touch with several second-rate authors and tried to use their vanity to encourage them to write "dissenting" pieces, promising them money and recognition in Australia. Behind all his "sweet talk" was a cool calculating mind.

What he was after was not just another business venture. In selecting literary works to be publicized in the English-speaking world, he relied on rather peculiar criteria. This publisher and translator from Melbourne appeared to take an exclusive interest in authors criticized in the Soviet press for the ambiguity of their ideological and class positions.

In this sense, the case with Oles Berdnyk, a Ukrainian writer, is remarkably illustrative. At one time, he made serious ideological mistakes in his creative activities. Immediately, he found himself most closely followed by foreign nationalist centers.

As for Yuri Tkach, he was sure he had struck "oil" here, a lot of it! He already mentally anticipated considerable future moral and material dividends when the whole affair that had begun so splendidly suddenly went up in smoke. Oles Berdnyk publicly condemned his ideologically harmful endeavors and resolutely dissociated himself from all his Western "benefactors." Promptly, the OUN publishers lost interest in this writer and bluntly refused to print his books.

It was thus Yuri Tkach once again demonstrated the actual orientation of his "literary" activities. Still — and the reader will discover as much further on — his anti-Soviet endeavors were not the main reason behind his trips to Ukraine. His status as a translator was nothing other than a "screen" for activities that had nothing whatsoever to do with literature.

Subsequently, forced to explain his actions, Tkach declared that the Soviet authorities had treated him with excessive severity, that they would not allegedly let a foreign tourist take a single step on his own, without pestering him with some totally ungrounded accusations.

In all truth, however, Tkach as a "tourist" could only blame those authorities for the excessive patience they showed in putting up with his conduct. Even during his first visit, he behaved with an unforgivable rudeness in Kiev and Kharkov, demanding deviations from the set itinerary, and extra services that were not included in the terms of his class of travel.

Those were not stunts of a spoiled teenager. The 22-year-old student of the Melbourne University knew full well what he was doing. Deliberately, in a planned manner, he scorned and denounced all that was close and dear to the Ukrainian people and the rest of the Soviet nation — their history, the October Revolution, the feats of arms during the Great Patriotic War (1941-45), even the monuments erected in honor of its heroes. He did it cynically, delighting in what he pre-

sumed was his complete personal invulnerability.

Even at the age of 30, after changing his original career as a power engineer for that of a literary translator, Yuri Tkach remained true to his "old" self, and nor did he change the nature of his visits to Ukraine. Whenever circumstances allowed for contact — be it at the bar of the *Zakarpattya* Hotel in Uzhgorod, the *Kentavr* Cafe in Lviv, in railroad car compartments, canteens, or hotel lobbies — this "tourist" tried to strike up "friendly chats" and would before long mount his hobbyhorse — Ukraine's "independence." He was especially interested in younger "audiences" and patronized places frequented by the youth, where he could get himself invited to join a party.

On such occasions, Yuri Tkach repeated the trite nationalist dogmas about "Russification," "oppression" and "ban on the Ukrainian language" in Ukraine. Likewise, he urged his improvised audiences to "struggle" for an "independent" Ukraine and regularly listen to Western broadcasts. He further asked his interlocutors to supply negative, twisted information about Soviet realities, and promised that he would use it in his appearances on the *Voice of America.* He was particularly anxious to know whether there were any Uniate churches functioning in the Western Ukrainian regions, and whether there were any, even the smallest signs of "nationalist opposition" there.

Even this far from being complete list of Yuri Tkach's actual interests makes it possi-

ble to guess who stood behind his back, giving him assignments, and after all financing his "tourist trips." This "translator" never had problems in terms of hard cash. Even more so, Yuri Tkach preferred to travel with all possible comfort and showed quite an attraction to restaurants. His latest trip — a first class *Intourist* accommodation — alone cost him 3,000 Australian dollars. A considerable sum for a person claiming he did not have a permanent job, and complaining of constant hardships in his publishing business!

There is yet another significant detail, characteristic of Yuri Tkach as a "friendly tourist." It proves that he was on the payroll of not only foreign nationalist centers, because every time the train carrying him through the Carpathian Mountains approached a bridge, tunnel, or any other engineering project that had nothing to do with the usual tourist attractions, he grabbed his photo camera and clicked the shutter (and well he might, for that camera turned out to be equipped with a special object glass). Nor would he miss an opportunity to fish for classified information concerning defense installations or separate military units. Was he working off the advance money he had received for that particular mission, or was he preparing the financial ground for another such venture? Be as it may, the kind of information he sought could only interest Western special agencies.

Put together, these facts are like pieces of mosaic, forming a rather verisimilar portrait

of Yuri Tkach, Western nationalist emissary, agent- provocateur and spy. In some of his conversations he hinted at having been well trained before his trips to the Soviet Union. He was right. The "friendly tourist" had been taught the OUN indoctrination program in full. It had not taken him long to get the proper "tutors," because in that land, separated by thousands of miles from Ukraine which he and those of his ilk had turned traitor to, quite a few of onetime OUN thugs, Ukrainian Nazi policemen and surviving SS Halychyna Division servicemen had found refuge. All these characters, dumped on the garbage heaps of history, are still trying to fog the younger Ukrainians' minds with their malignant nationalist concepts, with hatred against anything Soviet.

Dmytro Nitchenko, Yuri Tkach's grandfather, born in Kharkiv Region, is by right a worthy member of this ill-wishing crowd. During WWII, he actively collaborated with the Nazis, and edited some of their dirty newspapers published in the temporarily occupied territories. This kind of experience came in handy for the nationalist in Australia; at present, Dmytro Nitchenko writes for Western OUN periodicals under the pen name of "Chub."

Like father, like son. This old truth fully applies to Yuri Tkach who headed a nationalist youth even when a student of Melbourne University. As for his subsequent activities, particularly during his visits to the USSR, they were doubtlessly governed by explicit and professionally developed instructions.

Yes, Mr. Tkach did receive quite some training before venturing his Soviet "tourist" trips, only it proved of little consequence. The reason for his ignominious exposure by Soviet authorities was not of course the latter's "total surveillance of all foreigners" or "excessive controll over all of their actions" (as he continuously alleged). The fake tourist was caught red-handed thanks to ordinary Soviet citizens — Mikhailo Klapko, an engineer from Ternopil Region; Mykola Palynchak, Olexander Bank and Yuri Dykyi, all three students from Uzhgorod, and several railroad workers. Those were people who felt deeply insulted by the unwelcome guest's words and deeds, who were loath to let anyone scorn and abuse their native country and its realities. They made it clear that any such "tourist" would be shown the door.

So that was what Yuri Tkach met with in the Ukrainian land, instead of some mythical "opposition" invented by the leaders of Western nationalist centers. He saw with his own eyes that here people met well-wishing guests with open arms, but that they kept their eyes peeled for visitors that came with evilsome intentions.

Any attempt to refute completely proven and properly authenticated facts is a hard and utterly ungratifying business. In regard to Yuri Tkach, however, there was no alternative left. Interrogated by authorities, he would at one time give an almost minute-by-minute account of his trips — how long he and the others had been kept waiting in Singapore, Frankfort on the Main, or elsewhere;

but then he would be bound to state that he "forgot" why he had continued to photograph bridges and tunnels from the railroad car window after being warned that taking such pictures was forbidden. Pressed with such irrefutable evidence, he would blurt it out that the trouble with him was his "big mouth," and that he must have been drunk at the time.

On hearing that he was to leave the USSR at once, the "tourist" told himself he was a perfect jackass. This self-estimation, however, did not result from his feeling of shame or guilty conscience.

Nor was it a feeling of regret that he would never see all those beautiful Ukrainian landscapes, which he would have enjoyed, had he behaved differently. Yuri Tkach was bitterly disappointed because like other OUN emissaries, he had failed in his mission and disappointed his masters.

Such "tourist trips" will always be duly rebuffed, for no one will ever be allowed to gamble on the Soviet people's aspiration for living in peace and friendship with all nations and maintaining and strengthening comprehensive contacts with them.

Centuries ago, people shook hands to show they had no weapons — stones, clubs, etc.— in them. Yuri Tkach violated this ancient custom. Even as he stretched out one hand, he hid a stone in the other. Such "guests" are invariably shown the door.

## Sowing Seeds that will Never Grow

Genoa is a city rich in tourist attractions, only the man under the alias *Slava* had quite different things on his mind. As soon as the motor ship cast anchor he got on shore, found the right bar and telephoned his correspondent who signed as Mark. He heard a male voice on the other end and said quickly:

"Slava here. I'd like to pass hello to Mark."

"Thanks. I've been waiting for a long time."

Those were password and response and shortly the two met — a physician from a Soviet ship and a resident of the Italian city of Genoa (the reader will be able to take a closer look at him further on).

*Slava* recognized the man as he appeared on board the ship from the description given him in one of the recent letters from Mark. Also by his narrowed cautious eyes that were in sharp contrast with the man's straightforward-fellow way of talking to the Soviet crew...

Karl Schparr, citizen of Frankfort on the Main (West Germany) must have regarded that and another meeting two years later, as well as the accompanying circumstances, as one of his major accomplishments. Actually, due to reasons best known to himself and his superiors, he would later choose to act under several other identities — Jurgen Busch, Modest Berger, and Ludwig Schmidt.

These aliases are, of course, testimony to this gentleman's strict adherence to the rules

of secrecy. Small wonder, because *Herr* Schparr is anything but a second fiddle at the so-called "Closed Sector" of the "National Labor Union." The latter, a Western "public organization" (abbreviated NTS in Ukrainian) has long made itself known by its anti-Soviet, anticommunist stand, as well as by espionage and other subversive activities directed against the USSR and its friends.

It must have made Karl Schparr thrilled even more when he discovered that the subversive mission in which he took so much pride had been carried out in dramatic contrast to his own "scenario." In other words, the expert plotter from Frankfort on the Main suddenly realized he had been led by the nose for quite a few years, and that once again he had been lured into disclosing his actual identity in broad public view. This, in turn, meant that he and those of his ilk had again failed to justify the hopes placed in them by their current employers and benefactors quartered at the neighboring West German branch of the US Central Intelligence Agency...

Everything began with what might well seem as insignificant, trifle details — philately and Esperanto, the two domineering hobbies of a construction engineer residing in the Ukrainian city of Donetsk (this author will from now on identify him as "B"). Engineer B corresponded extensively with other people sharing his hobbies and sent his home address to a Western magazine. He was not surprised to find a new name among his pen pals. A certain Leonid Müller wrote from the

FRG, saying he would like to correspond with him "on the basis of mutual interest in collecting postage stamps." In addition, he hinted rather vaguely that he also took an interest in the life of the youth.

If the art of photography were capable of not only conveying the outward image of the given person but also his entire essence, a snapshot of Leonid Müller would have yielded the following "picture": Born 1920, in Khmelnitsky Region. In 1941 gave himself up to the Nazis; took part in anti-partisan missions and roundups of Jews. After WWII, collaborated with British special agencies. Currently resident of Bad Homburg; an active member of NTS.

Engineer B, of course, knew nothing of the above facts just as he was unaware that the NTS "hunters for human souls" had long adopted precisely this technique of fishing for addresses of Soviet citizens, getting them from all possible sources, including telephone directories, and it was their task to talk the selected addressees into corresponding with them. However, the said Donetsk engineer noticed something else that could not but put him on guard: the letters he started receiving from West Germany had very little, if anything, to do with stamp-collecting or Esperanto.

All facts considered, Leonid Müller was in this particular case a kind of stooge, because in a short while he stopped writing. Instead, there started coming letters from Modest Berger, his "friend in Munich." *Herr* Berger identified himself as a commercial company

expert. He complained of having to go off on business trips too often, and asked if his Soviet pen pal could please address his letters to a friend of his named Jurgen Busch.

Karl Schparr must have presumed that all these false identities served as an airtight cover for his true identity. It is also possible that he believed he had done an excellent brainwashing job in relation to his new Soviet "pen pal." Be as it may, the next few messages from West Germany registered a decisive change from carefully worded generalizations and polemical theses to precise, businesslike instructions — especially after Engineer B let it slip that in a way he shared the views of his West German correspondent. There was something, however, of which Schparr-Berger-Busch was totally unaware: Engineer B made that "inadvertent admission" after he had shared his doubts with competent Soviet authorities.

*Herr* Schparr saw the whole thing as an extremely promising undertaking, therefore he neglected his usual caution and ventured a trip to the Soviet Union. There he behaved like an ordinary tourist, stepping out of line only once, mailing a photo of a young man to Donetsk. The picture was glued onto a square piece of cardboard which served as a secret compartment, out of which Engineer B extracted special carbon paper used in cryptographic writing, and several sheets of anti-Soviet text.

There was no coincidence in Engineer B receiving that message, because by then he had no doubts as to what his Western "pen

pal" expected from him. He was needed by them as a source of political and economic intelligence, also as a means of spreading anti-Soviet, subversive NTS editions. Last but not least, they even planned to rely on him in organizing "resistance groups." To this end, he was instructed, among other things, to do his utmost to supply the addresses of not less than 100 young people, to whom anti-Soviet printed matter, along with I-would-like-to-be-your-pen-friend letters, could be mailed.

NTS "theoreticians" and "ideologists" spare no pompous phraseology or vociferous slogans in trying to reach this goal. Their hacks fill their writings with terms like "liberty," "creativeness," "service to Russia," "truth," "good," and "beauty." It should also be pointed out that notions like "truth," "good" and "beauty" are invariably printed in the upper case. Still, when it comes to distinguishing between abstract categories and concrete, routine daily realities, all this pompous phraseology turns out as a mere "front" used for concealing what is universally qualified as espionage and subversion. Nor was it coincidental that all the messages received by Engineer B contained passages about NTS "lofty targets," combined with detailed professional instructions on code writing and other channels of contact — all the traditional cloak-and-dagger paraphernalia.

This symbiosis of unrestrained demagoguery and practical espionage is an intrinsic NTS feature. In fact, the National Labor

Union appeared in 1930 as the National Union of the New Generation, later to acquire its present appellation. Apart from the name, affiliation to the youth and its special status among other Russian emigre bodies were intended to stress the Union's prerogative of accepting members born not earlier than 1895.

In a word, there was publicity, yet the new sign was nailed above the old shop front. All of its affiliates — "men and officers" and even "cadets" who had shed rivers of human blood during the Civil War of Russia (1918-20), sons of landlords and capitalists longing for lost parental estates and legacies, neurasthenic students and exalté young women — were united by one pathological hatred of Soviet power, that newly set up body politic run by workers and peasants. It was upon this platform that the National Union of the New Generation joined ranks with all those daydreaming inveterate monarchists and bloodthirsty generals who continued to believe that one day they would ride their white horses onto the Sed Square in Moscow, and who continued to furnish manpower for counterrevolutionary gangs that fought their own people who were building a new way of life.

The National Labor Union "of the new generation" inherited from the older one their parents' insatiable thirst for money — and hard cash was something they needed increasingly badly for their orgies at restaurants and European resorts. As was to be expected, NTS began looking for a propertied

and powerful guardian. Its leaders fawned upon the Italian dictator Benito Mussolini and addressed humble flattering messages to the Nazis that were then coming to power in Germany.

On the eve of WWII, turncoats of all shades found themselves growingly in demand at the world reactionary market. It was then NTS saw and used its chance. At first, Russia's "liberators" were hired by the Intelligence Department of the bourgeois Polish General Staff, and later by their Japanese colleagues. Subsequently, one of the Union functionaries wrote that "even prior to the war NTS lost the purity of its original idea and its political chastity." In other words, the fake "Russian patriots" shed all coverup phraseology and launched a treacherous armed campaign against their nation, aided by foreign money and acting in foreign interests. They took up arms against that same people to whom they had sworn love and allegiance on so many previous occasions.

Only a handful of the numerous NTS spies and saboteurs sent across the Soviet frontier made it back. Despite these failures, every such clandestine mission continued to be generously subsidized, and the lion's share of this money was as regularly spent by NTS big shots in their untiring pursuit of earthly pleasures.

Union veterans badly miss the times of Hitler's Third Reich. Granting that the Nazis didn't treat them with special cordiality, they still managed to win certain favors. Needless to say, they had to lay themselves out to

reciprocate, and they did so by diligently serving the occupiers as Nazi punitive commando thugs, and in the ranks under the traitorous Russian General Vlasov. They were further included in special propaganda teams touring Nazi concentration camps, trying to recruit other sellouts who would make as devout collaborationists. They also most actively collaborated with the Gestapo.

The NTS Congress of February 1984 elected a new Chairman — Eugene Romanov, also known as Ostrovsky, a character who even before WWII had disgraced himself by involvement in grave criminal offenses, and during the war by working for several Nazi periodicals. In this post he succeeded one Alexander Artemov, an individual with a similarly ignominious past record (Artemov is known to have given himself up to the Nazis during the war; he served them as an agent provocateur at death camps and fought in the ranks of traitorous Vlasov units). Like most his "colleagues," he had found himself on the payroll of Western secret agencies after the war — but this was something well to be expected, because venality is certainly inherent in the NTS people!

And so such were the characters the construction engineer of Donetsk now confronted. Schparr and others of the "Closed Sector," satisfied that their "subject" was "ripe," proceeded to "hasten" events. Engineer B was taught how to use so-called book cipher; time and again they checked his cryptographic techniques, telling him how best to spread anti-Soviet printed matter. When it came to

ways of supplying it from the West, there suddenly appeared (and very "conveniently" at that!) a friend of B's, a ship physician who sailed to the West, but most importantly, who was prepared to act as a contact agent. Promptly, the NTS bosses gave him the alias "Slava," supplied him with an address in Genoa, and with a password so he could got in touch with one Valentin Malyshev, an "expert" on brainwashing Soviet sailors and spreading subversive literature. In fact, Malyshev subsequently gave *Slava* copies of the NTS magazines *Posev* and *Grani,* as well as other literature.

During a second such rendezvous the suppliers of this printed garbage proved especially generous. That time Slava brought back more than 1,500 copies of various anti-Soviet editions which he received in Genoa, plus a duplicator.

After some time, instructions that came from overseas began to be addressed not only to B, but also to his "group." Needless to say, neither "Slava" nor B were in any hurry to comply with them, and that the "underground group" existed only in the sick imagination of their friends in Frankfort on the Main.

The reader may well wonder: over the years of service at secret agencies Karl Schparr and others like him had suffered enough failures and had to learn their lessons, so why did they risk passing off wishfull thinking as reality in this particular case? To answer this question, it is necessary to make another digression in a more recent history.

After the final collapse of the "millennial" Third Reich, the surviving NTS functionaries were taken over and under the wing of British intelligence. The reason probably was that these expert swindlers took advantage of the early postwar chaos and talked their prospective employers into believing they were the people they needed. Besides, and even more probably, the accumulating cold war clouds made their past records as frenzied anticommunist "fighters for free Russia" the best recommendation in the British eyes. Be as it may, it was some time before the esteemed gentlemen from the Intelligence Service realized they had backed the wrong horse — and that they had actually wasted thousands of pounds on those NTS characters. Money quickly disappeared in their pockets but the agents they sent to the USSR almost as promptly found themselves where they properly belonged — behind bars.

As a matter of fact, these gentlemen began to see the light only in 1956. After those in command on Her Majesty's Secret Service compared the sums they had spent on their "Russian assitants" with the latter's more than modest "accomplishments," they arrived at the only possible conclusion: the whole project was totally unprofitable. Outwardly, everything was kept true to the old British line of discretion, except that the NTS "manpower" was struck off from every payroll. Before long, however, the National Labor Union mercenaries were hired by the CIA.

It looks as though Uncle Sam is still willing to let his Shrapnel (NTS' present code

name in the CIA files) people eat from his greenbacks trough, but there is every indication that the Americans are far from satisfied with their performance. Indeed, how could they possibly feel otherwise seeing no ponderable success on their part over these past decades, let alone any "fresh cadre" intake? Elections within the NTS leadership are strongly reminiscent of castling in a game of chess. Judge for yourself: Artemov was succeeded by Romanov, the former found himself at the head of the Political Commission, whereas the ex-Chairman, Poremsky, was placed in charge of the Strategic Commission. In a word, old familiar faces all the way, and no matter how often their hierarchical positions are shifted, or rather shuffled, there is no desired effect. Nor can they count much on the "new emigration," because for the most part they get "fresh cadre" like Alik Yugov, onetime Odessa resident. Even though he is formally on the staff of the magazine *Posev,* his "publicity" stems from amorous adventures, rather than from journalistic work.

It is precisely here that one should look for the reason why the NTS big shots grabbed so eagerly for the engineer B and *Slava*; an "underground" group in the USSR, a "steady channel of contact" with it — here was finally something to write home about, something they could brag about to their current employers, and somehow "justify" the dough spent on them over the past years. Besides, they thought they had scored a success the rival clandestine companies could only dream about.

Reality, however, dawned on all those functionaries in Frankfort on the Main, Bad Homburg and Genoa. It came as a real shock. Today, they have every reason to enter their losing "game" with the Donetsk engineer in the "liabilities" column of their accountant's books. The thing is, they are not likely to completely dissociate themselves from the whole affair, because this would mean that the "Closed Sector" has taken the CIA for a ride, reporting on "active work" with the newly recruited agent. Perhaps they could use the old excuse of "bad luck"? Not likely, since when bad luck comes one's way too often one is bound to start suspecting there is something amiss besides the circumstances.

Anyway, it is indeed Karl Schparr's funeral; he put himself in a hell of a mess, so it is up to him to try to get out of it. What seems more interesting is the way the NTS brass try to put a brave face on a sorry business. They attempt to present things as though Soviet people look forward to establishing contacts with them and eagerly read anything published by *Posev* — NTS edition. To make these publications more "trustworthy," they even supply them with prices in Soviet rubles, although they ought to have them in Judas pieces of silver, because this "currency" best suits traitors such as they.

They try to get such "literary creations" of NTS to the USSR through foreign citizens. Such booklets, saturated with falsehood and hatred, are also insistently offered by the NTS "distributing agents" Alexander Militis

in Stockholm, Peter Samsoniuk in Dunkirk (France), and Edward Ginsburg in the Canary Islands.

Trying to sell a commodity in poor demand has always been an extremely ungratifying job. As for the NTS "literary goods," they cause nothing but disgust in the Soviet reader. By way of example, Edward Ginsburg offered copies of the NTS newspaper *Vakhta* to a group of sailors from a Soviet trawler who were relaxing on a beach not far from Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, but was told that the sooner he destroyed them the better off he would be. The man was so scared he tore the papers right there and then, and buried the pieces in the sand.

Suffering failure after failure in their subversive anti-Soviet ventures, the NTS upper echelons nevertheless search for new possibilities to spread their malicious propaganda. In this campaign, they literally stop at nothing. Without hesitation they gamble on people's desire for closer international contacts, so as to come to know one another better and live in peace and friendship. It was precisely their fault that a British tourist group was held up at the railroad station of Chop on the Soviet border when two of its members, Denis Bark and Stephen Avis, when searched by customs officials, turned out to possess printed matter which they intended to bring within Soviet territory as a "favor" to their NTS "friends."

"All this yapping... overseas, so far removed from the people and its interests, is unable to exert any more or less ponderable influence

on the events in Russia." Such was the devastatingly clear and exhausting estimation of the National Labor Union on the part of Eugene Divnich who had been at the head of this organization in 1934-40. A statement that warrants little comment, if any...

History itself proves the most authentic witness in showing that all these small-time NTS politicos are doomed in their attempts to harm that very people they turned traitor to. In this sense, the malignant anti-Soviet emigre edition *Posev* is as impotent as those pieces of torn paper with printed text that edition's scared "distributor" buried in the sand of the beach.

## "Quiet Neighbors" (or "Once Again about U. S. Themis")

For a number of years, day after day, month after month, this sturdy man stepped out of his neat cottage on a street with the idyllic name Meadow Lane and followed the same route, headed either for Ford Works or the local Greek Orthodox Church of St. Vladimir, or still driving his car, with wife and children, on a weekend outing. In a word, Mr. John Demyaniuk, resident of Seven Hills, a village south of Cleveland, North Ohio, had the reputation of a hard-working family man and an exemplary parishioner.

He was also locally known as a great nature lover; he had grown a nice orchard on the 2-acre plot he purchased together with the house. The man obviously delighted in

working his land, the more so that at 60 he was still quite strong. And well he might, because as a young man he had easily wielded a 2 m. long steel pipe, with which he split open the skulls of his victims.

The day came, however, when the owner of the beautiful cottage on Meadow Lane was forced to change his daily route and head for the local court of law instead.

Indeed, what a turn of events in the life of a Ukrainian American who had been granted US citizenship back in 1958! Come to think of it, such "whims of fortune" are nothing out of the ordinary in America. Suffice it to remind oneself that other as "respectable" US citizens — Bogdan Koziy of Fort Lauderdale, Florida; Kostyantyn Varvariv, onetime U.S. representative at UNESCO, and a number of characters who received the DP status after WWII — eventually turned out to be war criminals who had actively collaborated with the Nazis and been directly involved in mass killings and other atrocities. All these were individuals who had simply taken to their heels after the war, fearing just retribution, and who found refuge across the ocean.

Even US official statistics (which by no means boast totally accurate data) point to thousands of war criminals residing in this country. Whenever exposed, their Nazi service records fill every decent citizen with horror and indignation. Against this general macabre background, John Demyaniuk stands out a mile, considering his blood-chilling deeds at a time he was still known as *Ivan* Demyaniuk.

For quite some time people in his native village of Dubovi Makharyntsi (Kozyatyn District, Vinnitsya Region in Ukraine) believed that he had perished in the war, like so many of his fellow countrymen. They were wrong. In one of the first battles with the Nazis he had clambered out of the trench and with raised hands walked toward the advancing enemy lines in the unmistakable way of surrender. It was with this episode, typical of most traitors, that his downgrade path in life had begun.

Before long the occupation authorities accepted Demyaniuk as a trustworthy collaborationist. He was sent to a Nazi training camp in Trawniki. It was actually a school of saboteurs and expert killers, the child of the SS General Odilo Globotchnik, Himmler's authorized representative responsible for the setting up of SS and Nazi police "strongholds" in the occupied territories. He was also among those supervising Operation *Reinchard* — a large-scale mission geared to massacre Polish Jews. It was thus John Demyaniuk and other graduates of that "school" eventually found themselves assigned to the death camp of Treblinka, this notorious concentration camp of the Nazi killers.

In the course of the Nuremberg Trials, the US Chief Prosecutor referred to the Nazi concentration camps as the principal and most atrocious means of oppression in the National-Socialist Third Reich. Needless to say, he had a point there. Treblinka, however, wasn't yet another concentration camp, but a "death factory" set up and equipped for

the sole purpose of immediate mass destruction of inmates.

Daily, it received trainloads of Polish urban residents, and later people from other European cities. At first it was anyone's guess what brought all those trains, passing almost nonstop through major stations, to a halt at a small, scarcely known one in that locality. Some still believed the Nazis were as good as their word, and that those packed in sealed boxcars were indeed manpower being transported to eastern Polish regions, or even to Ukraine — the more so that the small station looked quite normal, complete with "Tickets," "Snack Bar," "Cloakroom" signs and direction pointers. There was even a railroad official on duty, walking his daily "beat" on the platform.

All this was a "stage scenery," carefully planned and executed by the Nazis, lest the arriving victims smell trouble before it was too late, or somehow spread the truth about the place. Originally, the arriving victims were even required to have 1 zloty each, supposedly to pay for a "bath" and "cleansing." People were still hopeful, so only few noticed that the hands on the station clock remained motionless; even fewer realized that the hands were actually painted on the clock-face. (Small wonder as the camp administration tried to save funds in every possible way; besides, the new arrivals were escorted to the gas chambers anyway, so it didn't really matter whether or not the victims could read the right time on the clock...)

The minute and hour hands of that clock

at that "station" seemed to draw the line between the living and the dead. Once the inmates were hauled in, the Jews were stripped of all personal belongings. After that every Jewish captive was made to shed all his/her clothes and leave them behind. Women had their hair cut close to the skull; it was a rule. (After the war, it became known that thousands of kilos of human hair had been used in making bunk mattresses for Nazi U-boat crews.)

The 90 m. long path from the "station" to the big gate cut in the camp's rampart received the cynical Nazi name *Chimmelsweg* — "Road to Heaven." This road led to Treblinka-2, another Nazi extermination camp.

Using rifle butts and whips, Nazi and nationalist guards drove people inside gas chambers. They made them keep their hands raised all the while, so they could jam more victims inside. Children were tossed on top of them. The chambers were then sealed and motor pumps activated, filling the interior with lethal gas.

It was thus the death conveyor functioned, day in and day out. Huge bonfires blazed, fed by human flesh, poisoning the environs with acrid smoke, covering the ground with ash. Here at this camp the Nazis and their henchmen put their mass murder technique to the final test. In particular, considering the Treblinka experience, they started to build "crematoriums" and apply Cyclone-B, an even more lethal gas.

People know the names of the abominable sadists under whose direction hundreds of

thousands of inmates met with violent death at Treblinka in slightly more than a year's time — Chief Warden (Camp Commandant) Franz Schtangl, and Kurt Franz, his "number one." Unfortunately, quite a few of their subordinates have since remained unidentified — due to reasons that will be explained further on.

History, nevertheless, has disclosed some of the names. Thus, it is established beyond reasonable doubt that John Demyaniuk, future US citizen and "respectable" resident of Cleveland, was among those monsters in human form who showed special diligence in shoving inmates inside gas chambers. On such occasions he never parted with his long and heavy steel pipe (destined to become a major formidable symbol of Treblinka-2).

Even in those brief hours, nay minutes of their life, the inmates quickly passed word among themselves that the unwritten rule at the camp was at all costs to avoid meeting the eyes of "Ivan the Terrible." Those who didn't know and inadvertently met his stare were killed on the spot, their skulls split open with his swinging steel pipe.

After a gas chamber was packed, John Demyaniuk — "Ivan the Terrible" — would get down to work. Together with his trusted henchman named Mykola, he handled the motor pumping the lethal gas inside. The two kept the machine in flawless working order. (Was it then Mr. John Demyaniuk started accumulating the experience that would subsequently help him make a skilled mechanic at Ford Works?)

"Ivan the Terrible." It was perhaps the most descriptive nickname he received from his doomed victims. Apart from the steel pipe, his favored torturing instrument, John Demyaniuk used knives and other weapons, and invented most heinous ways of torturing people to death. Any given inmate could fall prey to his insatiable thirst for manslaughter. It wasn't simply sadism, but the basest possible degree of a human being turned into a wild beast that delighted in inflicting blood-curdling sufferings on fellow humans — people he saw for the first time in his life, ones that he couldn't possibly regard as his enemies.

It was many years later that John Demyaniuk's name and his deeds became public knowledge. The Nazi racket, while constantly keeping the grindstones of the Treblinka death mill supplied with fresh human material, cutting short people's lives, hopes and plans, did their best to leave no witnesses or incriminating documents behind. Quite a number of such files perished in the fire of 1943 when the camp inmates revolted and killed many of their torturers. Almost all of the rebels died a hero's death in the end, but a surviving handful managed to escape. The Nazis, however, realized that the word "Treblinka" would before long resound accusingly across the planet. Quickly, they made the death camp level with the ground, careful to destroy all traces of that world's biggest manslaughter.

It was on this wise precaution that John Demyaniuk counted in the first place, even

though he remained faithful to his inhuman profession and his bosses clad in SS uniforms. After Treblinka, he served at the death camps of Flossenburg, Regensburg, and elsewhere. It wasn't, of course, his love for change of scenery that made Demyaniuk move from one place to the next; under the blows of the Soviet Army and the Allied forces, the territory of the "millennial" Third Reich was rapidly shrinking, like Balzac's famous shagreen leather. The Ukrainian Nazi sellout hoped that his service transfers would in the long run confuse whoever would be put on his trail, that the war inferno would forever hide all tracks left by traitors of his ilk.

Demyaniuk turned out to have guessed right, to an extent, because he would be made to answer for his past only four decades later.

To date, the exact number of inmates put to death in Treblinka is still unestablished, and is likely to remain so. Different researchers come out with varying estimates, ranging from 750,000 to 1,000,000. Likewise, it is anyone's guess exactly how many victims did manage to escape from that Nazi hell and that "Road to Heaven." The survivors are generally believed to be in the neighborhood of 50, all likely to have scattered across the big world.

This, naturally, couldn't but heighten Demyaniuk's spirit; he felt he had an extra guarantee that his past workings would never break the public surface.

As fate would have it, however, eyewitnesses did appear in the long run. At first, it

was sheer chance. Subsequent events, nevertheless, formed what could only be described as a solid chain of incriminating occurrences. There emerged irrefutable eyewitness testimonies to the effect that John Demyaniuk, resident of Cleveland, and "Ivan the Terrible" of Treblinka were one and the same person. The man was quickly identified by six individuals — a German, currently resident of the FRG, who had worked as an orderly at Treblinka, and 5 former inmates now living in different countries. In February 1981, the war criminal was brought before the court.

Almost as soon as the Demyaniuk case reached the media, there appeared people hard put to portray the defendant as yet another "innocent victim" of the Office of Special Investigations under the Justice Department, claiming that the Office was acting as though guided by a "Moscow hand." The accusation was rather trite, but on that particular occasion it turned brought to the fore with special ardor...

On the opening day of the trial, there appeared nationalist picketers in front of the court in Cleveland. The nationalists hurried to raise a fund "in defense of Demyaniuk." But this campaign wasn't anything new, either; the nationalists resort to such drastic means as soon as yet another scandalous expose is made. There was, however, a peculiar detail there: among the OUN picketers, one could see a Ku Klux Klanner with an American flag and this crude sign: "Jews Killed Jesus Christ." Now, wasn't this gra-

phic evidence of all that "spiritual rapprochement" and "unity of outlooks"!

Still, as the first hearing began, both the nationalist and K.K.K. supporters thought it best to simmer down. It wasn't only because Demyaniuk turned out a brazen liar. Back in 1951, interviewed by US Authorities, he had stated that in 1934-43 he had been a "peaceful farmer" in Poland, living someplace close to Sobibor, and that later he had moved to Pillau, not far from Danzig. A sham alibi. It was promptly refuted in court, as was another, this time sworn, statement. After conceding that he had never been a farmer, John Demyaniuk tried to convince the court that he had served at a POW camp. An expert witness made it clear that by the time the camp under study had been liberated by the Soviet Army.

Time, of course, had had its toll on the defendant. Demyaniuk's hair had grown considerably thinner, the man had put on quite some weight. Now he wore a pair of modern-framed glasses that also served to alter his countenance. Still, the prosecution came up with an absolutely murderous piece of evidence — documents requested and received from the Soviet Union, specifically a certificate to the effect that John Demyaniuk had indeed undergone a term of service at the training camp of Trawniki (signed by SS Hauptsturmführer Schtreibel). All the six surviving Treblinka witnesses identified the young man with a crew cut in the photo shown them as "Ivan the Terrible, who brutally killed prisoners in the camp."

As a matter of fact, the inherent German meticulousness of the camp administration had done Demyaniuk quite a bad favor. The certificate not only provided his first, patronimic and Christian name, date of birth (April 3, 1920), but also a detailed list of the subject's personal features, including a special one — a scar on his back. The defense challenged the authenticity of these documents, but even this endeavor proved abortive, rendered so by testimonies provided by the expert witnesses.

More evidence was entered in the court records — testimonies given by witnesses, former Treblinka inmates. Their statements in court had an extraordinary effect on those in attendance, individuals who had never seen the past war, or who thought they knew about it only because they had been able to read books and see films, or still hear their relatives talk. It was at this point that the courtroom, kept in the traditional atmosphere of formal respectability, became invaded by the hair-raising memories of past Nazi atrocities. Much of what the eyewitnesses related, in stammering voices, their eyes streaming, was simply hard to commit to paper. All of them proved short of breath, and eloquent words, describing the atrocious acts the man, now sitting in the dock, had perpetrated. It must have been why Mrs. Demyaniuk, on hearing the testimonies, fainted and had to be carried out of the court on a stretcher.

Memories of the past are indeed immune to the run of time. In court, decades after the

events he had suffered, one of the witnesses for the prosecution couldn't bring himself to look in the eyes of the defendant — as though he were still afraid his former torturer would do something dreadful to him, even now.

All of the "trump- cards" the defendant and his counsel believed they had up their sleeves turned out beaten. In fact, what "trump-cards" could they possibly have? None, except futile attempts at distorting or white-washing past events, contrary to the ruthlessly incriminating evidence. The court ruled that John Demyaniuk be stripped of US citizenship.

The trial and what preceded it became the theme of a book written by Allan A. Ryan Jr., an American lawyer. He described everything in detail and with an insight born of professional experience (in 1980-83, he headed the Office of Special Investigations under the Justice Department).

"Quiet Neighbors," the book title, seems a rather accurate definition of all those characters who had once killed and robbed fellow humans, burned their homes, and some of whom are even now living prosperously on American soil. Besides Demyaniuk, the author mentions Andrew Artukovich, one of the most vicious Nazi hangmen operating in Yugoslavia during the war, nicknamed "Croatian Himmler," as well as Klaus Barbie, Gestapo Chief at Lyons. Among the photographs contained in this booklet are ones showing the malicious scowl of Bogdan Koziy, a killer Nazi policeman from Ivano-Frankivsk Region, and those of other war

criminals, plus a variety of authentic documents.

The book's cover design fully answers the title. It shows two plush villas, with one casting a shadow that assumes the shape of the swastika (one is left wondering whether the artist painted it looking at John Demyaniuk's cottage in Cleveland).

A remarkably apt symbol of all those "quiet neighbors" — war criminals who have not only evaded justice, but who also continue to lead prosperous lives in this "most democratic and free country," remaining their old perfidious selves, poisoning its political atmosphere.

Over the decades since World War II, this sinister shadow has not grown any shorter. Court decisions stripping such characters of US citizenship, as was the case with John Demyaniuk, are extremely infrequent phenomena, even less so actual deportations of war criminals. Here the authorities obviously prefer a different tactics. Take Bogdan Koziy: when the clouds started gathering over him, the man was allowed to move to Costa Rica. There he simply vanished into thin air.

Nor did the US authorities show any hurry in resolving the case of John Demyaniuk's deportation, even though they more than once gave their assurances that they would do so. The true worth of their grandiloquent promises became manifest in a statement made by a Justice Department spokesman who declared that the final deportation ruling could not be adopted unless Demyaniuk had exhausted all possibilities of appealing his

case via juridical channels. It was only in February 1986, five years after the trial, and under considerable public pressure, that "Ivan the Terrible" found himself deported to Israel.

Approximately at the time John Demyaniuk stood up in court to hear the verdict, Ukraine was visited by a group of American lawyers. The latter received every opportunity to familiarize themselves with data concerning the WWII atrocious acts from the past of the Nazi Ukrainian policeman Bogdan Koziy; they were provided with videocassettes containing eyewitness testimonies received from residents of that Forecarpathian village of Lisets.

The name of one of the witnesses that were thoroughly questioned was Anton Vatseba. The latter, in turn, addressed the visiting lawyers, asking them a straight question and expecting as straight an answer, free from all those diplomatic intricacies.

"What makes Bogdan Koziy and characters like him so close and dear to America?" the man asked them. "Come to think of it, he (Koziy) could murder all of you, provided he was paid well enough for the job..."

The old farmer had a good reason for posing this question. Before his very eyes Bogdan Koziy had grabbed the 3-year-old daughter of the village physician named Singer by the hair, dragged her out of the house and made her sit near the drinking well. After that he had taken his time training the rifle on the child, pulling the trigger after what he thought was long enough for

the girl to weep and beg for mercy to amuse him...

Anton Vatseba was among the farmers entrusted by a village assembly to sign an open letter to US President Ronald Reagan. "Mr. President," it read, "We request that you kindly deport the Nazi collaborator and war criminal Koziy, guilty as he is of having perpetrated atrocious acts against humanity, so he can be brought to Soviet justice. The United States pledged to do so when it signed numerous international agreements concerning the prosecution and punishment of Nazi war criminals."

We all know the outcome of the Koziy case, and it can hardly surprise us, because every such investigation reveals a number of facts pointing not only to attempts, on the part of US authorities, to help Nazi war criminals evade justice, but also to their open and shameless collaboration with them. This, in part, was stressed by Nil Sher, current head of the Office of Special Investigations, during a hearing in Congress. John Loftus, formerly a ranking officer of the Justice Department, referred to this overt alliance with Nazi hangmen as one of the most immoral U.S. clandestine operations in the history of that country.

So this is why American authorities are doing their best to prevent further incriminating disclosures, placing every obstacle in the way of detecting and prosecuting Nazi war criminals and their accomplices, obstructing the course of justice, "rigging" trials over them, even interfering with the carrying

out of sentences passed, scarce as such strict punishments are known to have been meted out by US Themis. Hence the regretfully modest accomplishments of OSI since its establishment in 1979.

Apparently, US authorities do not intend to change their stand in this regard, even though it runs counter to all those numerous documents and agreements, starting with the Nuremberg accords. (Alas, these treaties seem to have sunk into "oblivion" all too fast!) Here is yet another evidence. Late in 1985, Donald Russel, Director of US Immigration and Naturalization Service in Cleveland (that same city!), declared that they intended to postpone the deportation of one Alexander Leichman. The latter, being second in command to the Chief of the Nazi Police Department of Zaporizhya (Ukraine), had been involved with the extermination of thousands of perfectly innocent humans. Still, deportation wasn't likely to harm the war criminal in any considerable way; he would be sent to West Germany, where he would not even face a token legal punishment. According to Mr. Russel, Alexander Leichman had earned himself a good pension, and would receive it, living the rest of his life like any other individual provided for at a moderately secure level.

Needless to say, such opportunities serve as a fairly strong encouragement for all those others whose hands seem even now damp with the blood of their past innocent victims, and for their henchmen. After they got over the scare of the first several hearings (and

that scare was not too hard to overcome), they launched a strong counterattack. It is not defending separate war criminals like John Demyaniuk they are after at present, but something of greater political importance; they want to do away with such precedents once and for all, because these occurrences continue to obscure their "happy horizons" across the ocean. There is yet another ponderable consideration — they are loath to see the general Ukrainian immigration public, especially the younger generation, learn the truth about their past war crimes.

In campaigning against prosecution in regard to former Nazi collaborators, the OUN ideologues persist in alleging that such measures serve to "discredit" Ukrainians in the eyes of the world community. In this way a miserable handful of sellouts and fatherless sons are again trying to pose as "representatives" of the Ukrainian people and act on its behalf. But that very people has long condemned them as traitors to their Motherland, characters denied the right to have kin or kith in what used to be their native parts!

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**Александр Алексеевич Федрицкий**

**ПРЕДАТЕЛИ БЕЗ ГРИМА**

(На английском языке)

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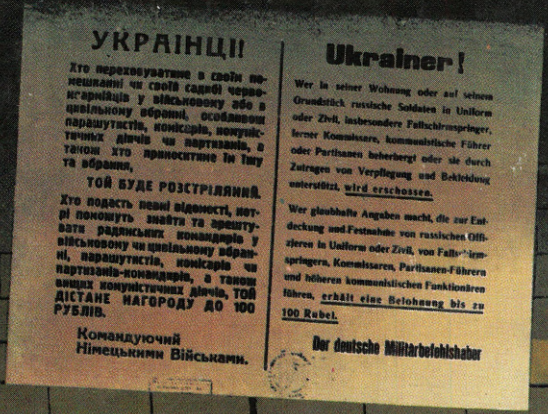
# TRAITORS
## UNMASKED



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Хто переховуватиме в своїй помешканні чи своїй садибі червоногвардійців у військовому або в цивільному вбранні, особливо парашутистів, комісарів, комуністичних діячів чи партизанів, а також хто приноситиме їм їжу та вбрання,

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